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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

THE critical moment in the approach of peace has at length arrived. The terms which the Balkan League demands for the conclusion of an armistice preparatory to the negotiation of a Treaty have been communicated by Russia to the Porte. Kiamil Pasha has pronounced them impossible in an interview, but none the less the plenipotentiaries have been nominated and will formally meet. The terms are undoubtedly not easy; they include the surrender of Adrianople, Scutari, and Jannina, with the retirement of the Turks from at least a part of the Tchataldja lines, though their occupation by the Bulgarians is not demanded. This is, of course, to declare in advance that Turkey must accept practically whatever terms the Allies may dictate. The Turkish press seems to fear the loss of Constantinople, and cautiously advises peace. If the garrisons of the besieged towns are allowed the honors of war there is nothing to criticise in this demand. But the abandonment of the Tchataldja lines is a harsh condition. In the negotiation of a peace the chief difficulty will arise in drawing the Thracian boundary. Bulgaria would place it at the River Ergene, on a line running from Midia to Dedegatch. Turkey, on the other hand, hopes to retain Adrianople.

THE evidence about the fighting at Tchataldja is conflicting and difficult to follow. No definite statements at

all are available from the Bulgarian side, while the Turkish official reports claim continuous successes. The Bulgarians have attempted to pierce the lines near the sea, both North and South, in spite of the assistance which the guns of the Turkish fleet have been able to render. An uncensored telegram from Mr. Donohoe, the "Daily Chronicle's" brilliant correspondent with the Turks, spoke, on the other hand, of notable Bulgarian successes in the South in piercing the lines towards Karatch on Monday. But the "Times" correspondent with the Turks, in what is presumably a censored message, describes the abandonment by the Bulgarians of their advanced positions, expresses bewilderment at their strategy, and thinks that they have not yet begun the assault in earnest.

CHOLERA meanwhile is raging in the Turkish lines, and the telegraphed reports of its ravages make pitiable reading. Men fall unattended, strew the roads, calling for water, or are gathered in an isolation camp, where they lie awaiting death. There is some pretence of a medical service, which marks some slight advance on the conditions at Lule Burgas, but there are no effective provisions to protect the whole, and no organised service to help the sick. Streams of stricken men file towards San Stefano, and the trains, as at Kirk Kilissé, are filled with deserters. There is no longer an attempt to punish desertion or drive back the men to the ranks, and when they are "rounded up," they are used only for fatigue duties. In Constantinople itself, the Mosque of Santa Sophia has been converted into a cholera hospital. On the other hand, it seems to be true that the fresh Asiatic troops at the front, who have not been broken in the earlier battles, are in relatively good heart, and better disciplined than the first levies. The Turkish soldier is always at his best in an obstinate struggle behind strong entrenchments. Those who, having never seen war, would realise some of its unspeakable horrors, should read the accounts of the ravages of the cholera among these martyrs of a bad Government.

THE chief military event of the week has been the fall of Monastir. The Servians advanced from the North, with Perlepe as their base, and were apparently allowed to occupy the heights round the town without any determined resistance. The heavy rains had swollen the rivers and flooded the low-lying plain, and the physical difficulties of the four days' fighting must have been serious. The Turks, who are said to have numbered, with civilian volunteers, some 80,000 men, broke away North towards Ochrida, whither they have been pursued, and South towards Florina (Lerin) where they ought to encounter the advancing Greeks. Great numbers of prisoners were taken, but the Servian accounts are far from precise. Nothing now remains for achievement in Macedonia proper, save the taking of some smaller bodies of the enemy and some lesser towns in detail. The Montenegrins make little progress before Scutari, but they have taken the port of Alessio, nor is there any real news of the Greek campaign in Epirus.

THE Austro-Servian difficulty, after some acutely anxious days, seems this week to have passed beyond the danger zone. The critical incident arose from the allegation that M. Prochaska, the Austrian Consul in Prizrend, had been wounded by Servian soldiers, imprisoned in his Consulate, and forbidden to communicate with his Government. Austria naturally demanded to be put in direct touch with him by telegraph. The real facts are obscure. It is said that M. Prochaska incited the Albanians to resist the Servians. More probable is the story that he wished to investigate an alleged massacre of which the invaders are said to have been guilty. A post-card from him has arrived, stating that he is well, but that his letters are read in the post (a practice sometimes adopted by the Turks even to British consular letters in time of peace). He has since arrived safely at Uskub, and Servia has for the moment closed the incident by allowing Herr Edel, an Austrian Consular official, to go to Prizrend to investigate. There is no longer any reason to fear that, if Servia shows ordinary prudence, the question of her Albanian port need be raised in any menacing form. It will await settlement after the war.

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THE Parliamentary deadlock has been ended, and the financial resolution attached to the Home Rule Bill set up again, not by merely rescinding the hostile vote, but by offering a resolution in an amended and slightly more specific form, leaving its effect precisely as it stood before. Both these forms of rescission were, it is understood, submitted to the Speaker. He preferred the simpler edition, and Mr. Asquith proposed it. If the Prime Minister's second proposal had been his first there is no doubt that the pre-arranged storm would still have broken out. The Speaker bowed to it, and the Government, of course, bowed to the Speaker. The Opposition, having wasted a fortnight and disarranged the Government's plans, called off their "brawlers," and watched the *dénouement* with perfect content. The real strain of the situation will arise when the seeds of anarchy, deliberately planted by Mr. Law, bear their second crop.

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For this reason we are very glad that Mr. Chiozza Money asked the Speaker on Monday to explain the ruling under which, while he regarded individual cries of "Divide!" or "Adjourn!" as "parliamentary," he also decided that a "state of grave disorder" had arisen, and proceeded to adjourn the House. Mr. Money's point was that such cries, used as they were on Wednesday week, were condemned by Erskine May, and were intolerable in any "deliberative assembly." In reply to these and further questions, the Speaker somewhat modified his decision. He used the analogy of the law of conspiracy to suggest that acts which could properly be done by individuals became improper when done in combination, but that he must be free to judge each case on its merits. Strictly speaking, this would disable the Speaker from warning or suspending any individual who persistently interrupts, and enable him only to adjourn the debate—which is precisely what a disorderly Opposition would want him to do. But we cannot believe that the Speaker intends to put it into the power either of the Opposition or of any members of it to break up Parliament. He is a fair man, and a sensible one, and he will do his duty.

\* \* \*

On Wednesday, the new financial resolution was carried by a majority of 122 votes—317 against 195. The debate was quite quiet and interesting, and should be read for Mr. Samuel's exposition of the Bill's financial scheme,

and Sir John Simon's brilliant triangular duel with Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law. Mr. Samuel showed, we think conclusively, that no kind of protective bounties, such as grants to exporters of goods, could exist under the Bill. Grants to infant industries might be given, but the Irish Government would have no funds for a protective policy, and, in any case, the Imperial Parliament would have ample means of defence against it.

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SIR JOHN SIMON contrasted the two financial policies by saying that one—the Unionist—contemplated a perpetual British subsidy to Ireland, and the other—that of the Home Ruler—a limited subsidy, and offered a prospect of ending it. As for Ireland's relations to England, Sir John showed that, under Mr. Law's new protectionist model, this must mean that, if Ireland were treated as in the United Kingdom, she would be taxed on imported barley and tobacco—"the raw materials of Guinness and Gallagher"—or that if she were treated as a colony, she would have to pay a small duty on colonial products and a larger duty on foreign products. Meanwhile, the Government, in deference to Liberal objections, propose to withhold from the Irish Parliament the power to reduce customs duties.

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SIR JOHN SIMON, writing to the "Times," brings out a very important point in regard to the new form of colonial preferences on which the luckless Mr. Law has so rashly plunged. Then the Solicitor-General showed in the House of Commons that the new Tory proposition was that Ireland under Home Rule was to be treated as a colony, *i.e.*, that her goods were to be taxed as if they were Colonial goods. Faced with this proposition, Mr. Law repudiated the passage from his speech on which it rested, and declared it due to interruptions. Sir John now quotes the passage, which shows that the "interruptions" preceded instead of following the fatal declaration. Here it is:—

"I do not in the least object to the interruptions, for this reason, that they show that the position which we take on this subject is entirely misunderstood. None of our colonies profess to have the intention, in giving a preference to us, to treat us in an equal way with the treatment of their own people. We do not ask them to do that. What we ask them to do, and what they have done, is to give us a preference over foreign countries. And what I say now is that so long as Ireland is an integral part of the United Kingdom there will be no difference in treatment between Ireland and any other part of the kingdom; but if she chooses to put herself in the status of a colony, then we will give her a preference, but we shall not treat her precisely as if she were a member of the United Kingdom. We intend to treat the colonies better than we treat any foreign country, but we do not intend to treat them as we treat ourselves."

Clearly, the Colonies are to lose their free market with us as well as the foreigner. How does Canada like this kind of "offer?"

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SIR JOHN BRUNNER's Presidential address at the annual meeting of the Council of the National Liberal Federation at Nottingham, on Thursday, was devoted to international relationships. Sir John put with great power, and apparently with the entire assent of his audience, the argument for Anglo-German peace. He laid special stress on the danger in the North Sea:—

"One half of our foreign commerce, of our vast foreign trade, passes and repasses over the North Sea. Most of our fish, a valuable point of our food supply, comes from the North Sea, and most of our timber comes across it. What a disaster if every port from Aberdeen to London were to be cut off from the source of its trade! The Jingoese console us by saying that the commercial

ruin of London, Hull, Newcastle, and Aberdeen would be balanced by the commercial ruin of Hamburg, Bremen, and Berlin. That is no consolation to me. We know that good trade in England can hardly co-exist at any time with bad trade in Germany, and most assuredly it could not exist with a war and the destruction of commerce in the North Sea."

\* \* \*

THE doctors are, we think, advancing towards the acceptance of the Insurance Act. This week the representative meeting of the British Medical Association came to two decisions. They first passed, by an overwhelming majority, a motion declaring the Chancellor's proposals and the Commissioners' regulations to be "unworkable" and "derogatory" to the profession, and declining service under the Act. On Wednesday, this attitude was much modified. When the fighting resolution was put, an amendment was moved that it should be communicated to the Chancellor, and that he should be told that the British Medical Association would carefully consider any further proposals. This was carried, on a card vote of 18,561 members, by a majority of 23. Negotiations are thus reopened. If the "Chronicle," which is well informed, is right, the doctors' chief objection is to the regulation which gives the Insurance Committee the power to dismiss a doctor from the panel. On this point the doctors may well be met, and also on the regulation which requires the keeping of case-books. Settlement is the more likely inasmuch as the number of doctors who are willing to serve under the Act is already so large as to insure the forming of panels all over the country.

\* \* \*

THE Mental Deficiency Bill has been dropped, much to the chagrin of the Opposition, who have been its keenest supporters. The decision is obviously a wise one, for the Bill went far beyond public opinion. Its definition of feeble-mindedness, though improved, was much too wide and the powers of inquisition given to local authorities far too sweeping. The Bill should have proceeded on a general voluntary basis and have sought its largest field in the curative treatment of feeble-minded children and young people. Any compulsory powers attached to such a measure should clearly have applied not to charges but to convicted offences and to a small and carefully selected class. The problem remains an urgent one, and next year the right kind of Bill may very well be constructed out of the ruins of the present measure. Meanwhile, two very plain morals present themselves. The first is that the Home Office ought never to have drafted so ill-conceived a Bill and presented it to two Secretaries of State. The second is that the Tory Party is plainly leaning to the most coercive side of eugenic theory. Shut up the poor, conscript them, tax their bread—all for the sake of Empire and the elder and younger sons who run it.

\* \* \*

WE suppose it is not possible to present any argument in the ironical form without misleading the not inconsiderable number of people who are insusceptible to the nature of irony, or happen to be mentally unused to it. We should not so argue with Mr. Pumblechook, nor, it is clear, with the "Spectator." So we will put our point about the lash very simply, so that our contemporary may not misunderstand it any more. The "Spectator" supposes that we prefer branding to the lash, and reproaches us for harboring in our mind such "cruel Jacobinical excesses." Now, we do not know whether the "Spectator" wishes to flog

procurers merely to gratify its feelings, or for the sake of deterrence. But our position was clear enough. We said, first, that if the Act did so deter, it would drive the whole trade into the hands of women. To which the "Spectator" answers that even if that be so, it really cannot "dream" of flogging women; it is against the manly nature. Since when? Men used to flog immoral women, and Shakspeare records in a memorable passage the psychology of that particular form of public virtue. So it seems that the "Spectator" is really more anxious to flog than to deter, or that it has overlooked the most obvious consequence of its one-sided passion for the lash.

\* \* \*

BUT assuming that deterrence is the motive of the flagellants, why, we argued, stop at the lash, and not employ a more effective method, such as the brand or the thumbscrew? By putting the punishment of torture in its more odious and logical form, we hoped to give pause to some of its more thoughtful advocates. But the "Spectator" avoids the argument by the simple process of not seeing it. Fortunately in raising two objections to branding, it stumbles on the right one. It will not have the brand because it is "irremediable," whereas the lash is not; and also "it does not bear thinking of." The lash marked thousands of slaves for life; if mere passion wields it, it will mark hundreds of criminals. The truth is that we do not use the branding-iron because, as the "Spectator" rightly says, "it does not bear thinking of." Just so. To the man who has a true theory of punishment, the lash "does not bear thinking of." It is useless, and it is evil in itself. And when the "Spectator" gets on to a higher plane of thought than it now occupies, it will "think" so too.

\* \* \*

MEANWHILE, the general moral of this painful incident in our public life could not be more truthfully pointed than by Mr. Shaw in an article he contributes to the "Awakener," a paper started by women for attacking the evil of the "White Slave Traffic," mainly on economic lines. Mr. Shaw, after dealing with the problem of the under-payment of women and the ownership of disorderly houses, says:—

"And you, humble reader, who are neither a shareholder nor a landlord, do you thank God that you are guiltless in this matter? Take care! The first man flogged under the Act may turn on you and say, 'God shall smite thee, thou whited wall.' The wages of prostitution are stitched into your button-holes and into your blouse, pasted into your match-boxes and your boxes of pins, stuffed into your mattress, mixed with the paint on your walls, and stuck between the joints of your water-pipes. The very glaze on your basin and teacup has in it the lead poison that you offer to the decent woman as the reward of honest labor; whilst the procuress is offering chicken and champagne. Flog other people until you are black in the face and they are red in the back: you will not cheat the Recording Angel into putting down your debts to the wrong account."

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THE Speech from the Throne in the Canadian Parliament declares that, at the late Conference with the Imperial Government, conditions were "disclosed," making it "imperative" to strengthen the naval forces of the Empire, and that the Canadian Ministry had decided to give "reasonable and necessary aid." We hope that this strange statement will be thoroughly threshed out. What "imperative" need was "disclosed"? And, if it was "imperative," why did not the Imperial Government satisfy it?



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE NEW TORY PROGRAMME.

It is time, we think, for the Liberal Party to realise the kind of party, and the form and direction of policy, which it must meet and oppose at the next General Election. The lines of that policy have been fully laid down at the recent joint conference of the Unionist and Conservative Associations in the Queen's Hall. Let us hasten to say that the Conference attests the complete absorption of "Liberal" Unionism, not merely in the formal councils of Toryism, but in its temper and spirit. Not one tint or trace of Liberalism, old or new, remains. We have to deal with the old Tory Party, exasperated by its long exclusion from office, and burning to reconquer and repossess not some but all of the ground it has lost. "We want blood," said Lord Willoughby de Broke, "we are not going home without it, even if we have to sit up all night to get it." *Imprimis*, they want their old House of Lords back again—not a Second Chamber, modified and adapted to democracy, but the unchecked autocracy which preceded the Parliament Act. That Act is not to be modified; it is to be repealed. The House which is to replace it, says Lord Selborne, is to possess all the faculties claimed for it in the agitation of 1909. It is to have the power of "free amendment and review," and of "suspending" measures for "the judgment of the people." Nor is this function to be confined to general legislation. It is to include finance whenever, in the opinion of the Lords, a Budget is made "the vehicle for revolution." We have, therefore, the Referendum, *plus* the House of Lords, re-extended so as to cover the whole field of Liberal legislation. But the Tory use of the Referendum is to be on the model of a door with a double hinge. It must swing forward so as to shut out Liberal Bills, and swing backward so as to let in a Protectionist Tariff. On Tariff Reform, all the Balfourian reserves are thrown overboard. Lord Lansdowne explains that when a Tory majority is returned to the House of Commons, whether it be great or small, whether it be obtained on Home Rule or the Insurance Act, it will consider itself forthwith enabled to set up (a) a general Protectionist tariff; (b) Colonial preferences; and inferentially (c) the taxation of foods. This, at all events, is a straightforward declaration of the cargo to be cleared by the Unionist vessel when it next gets into port. Lancashire is warned beforehand that every Tory she sends into the next Parliament, whether chosen as a Churchman, or a Unionist, or an anti-Georgeist, goes to Parliament for the prime purpose of voting a tariff, the new House constituting itself forthwith a Committee for the taxation of the people's food and the construction of a schedule of protectionist duties.

Here, then, we touch the first two planks of the Tory platform. The third is the State purchase of land for the purposes of ownership, an obvious and intentional measure of affirming and strengthening the land-owning class and fortifying their existing rentals. What is the fourth? We think, with the "Westminster Gazette," that we are justified in regarding it as con-

scription. Conscription is the policy of the forwards. It underlies the whole tenor of their teaching on national defence. And it is fully implicit, first, in the implacable war waged on the Territorials; and, secondly, in the resolution passed at the Conference, and proposed and seconded by conscriptionists, denouncing the "criminal failure" of the Government to maintain the Army and the Navy at a standard "adequate to national and Imperial needs." There the Conference at once links hands with Lord Roberts's postulate at Manchester that we require an army "strong enough to make our power felt on the mainland of Europe." What the party desires, the party is preparing. The aim of the conscriptionists is to prove their case for forced service by procuring the failure of the voluntary service. When the first end is attained, its consequence will at once appear in the break-down of recruiting for the regular army. But for the moment only the destruction of the purest form of voluntaryism is desired. The rest will follow. The same spirit underlies not only the formal programme of the Tory Party, but the general implication of a policy whose spiritual basis is not merely the old Tory distrust of the people, but a consistent and logical attempt to transform a free British democracy into a State militarised and regularised on German models. Tory members rallied with zeal to the coercive side of the Mental Deficiency Bill. Tory newspapers, with military rather than moral and industrial efficiency in view, favored the elimination of the unfit. The conception of a people, drilled by their existing masters into the acceptance of the present social order, and held in readiness (with or without the new persuasion of the lash) for the overseas service of an Empire that stretches from the eastern to the western world, gradually takes shape in the eager minds that see the full harvest of reaction reaped and garnered almost before its first shoots have shown themselves above the soil.

Here, then, is the policy which is to supersede Liberalism and defeat democracy. First, a full restoration of the power of the aristocracy, enforced through a stronger House of Lords, recruited from wealth and experience as well as from the hereditary class. Secondly, a militarised Empire, bound together by Protection and a concerted scheme of really aggressive, nominally defensive, force. Thirdly, a general curtailment of civic liberty, in the interests of the present balance and distribution of social and economic power. Fourthly, a real decrease in the physical efficiency of the nation through the taxation of their food. This is in no way disguised by Lord Lansdowne's and Mr. Law's pretence of restoring to the poor the proceeds of the revenue drawn from food taxes. That revenue would in no case represent one-half of the total charge on the consumer, through the rise in home prices to meet the higher levels of foreign goods produced by the new duties, and would generally fall much below that proportion. It is the business of the Liberal Party, before the present Government goes out of office, to drive these conceptions home to the rather slow imagination of our people, and to prepare and launch the alternative. For, clearly, the proposal to repeal the Parliament Act does not merely



free the Conservative Party; it frees us too. We were never satisfied with the Parliament Act as it stands. We preferred Bright's proposal to give the House of Lords not the two bites at Liberal Bills which it now possesses, but the single bite which, as this Session's experience shows, arms the Tory Party with large powers of offence against a Liberal Programme. As things go, it is clear that the two years' delay imposed by the Parliament Act constitutes a great, perhaps an intolerable, strain on the cohesion even of a large and united party. If, therefore, the whole battle of the Parliament Act is to be fought over again, the vanquished cannot expect to receive merely the ante-war terms. The price of peace will be raised, as it has been raised to Turkey. And, in the second place, it is clear that the social and economic power of the landed interest must fall with their definite loss of political power. A new agriculture demands a new countryside, such as is in fact being evolved before our eyes in Ireland. The Liberal Party must complete its work of emancipation, and advance to it in the spirit of a true science of social order, as opposed to the gross counterfeit so lightly manufactured at the Queen's Hall Conference.

#### PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

It was good news which told of the victories of the Allies in this swift and startling war, but it would be better news still which brought us within sight of peace. The first demands of the Allies for the surrender of the Tchataldja lines and other strong places has, it appears, been refused, but it is conceivable that more moderate terms might be accepted. It is not easy to decipher the accounts of the military operations along Tchataldja. The censored and official news from the Turkish side is all of it couched in a tone of confidence and self-congratulation. Some uncensored news, on the other hand, reports the beginning of what looked like a decisive Bulgarian success on Monday. The subsequent withdrawal of the Bulgarians from the positions won may mean a momentary defeat or a strategical feint, and conceivably it was influenced by the decision to negotiate. In any event, it is clear that the taking of these lines would be a bloody and difficult task, and the combatant who makes it necessary by a failure to recognise facts would be guilty of a crime towards his own people. It seems probable that the fresh Asiatic troops which have reached the front are in better heart and condition than the armies which met the first shock of the Balkan League's advance. But the war-worn troops are still deserting, and to the demoralisation of defeat is now added the terror of disease. The commissariat and the ambulance arrangements, if they are no longer totally lacking, are still miserably defective. One need not doubt that the League can take these lines if the exploit is forced upon them, but it would be at the cost of losing a terribly large fraction of all that is best in their male population, and we are not convinced that it would add an acre to the territories which they are certain to secure. The same thing is manifestly true of the Turks,

who cannot wish to face a Congress with their last army in Europe not merely beaten, but destroyed.

In such a situation one does not commit the absurdity of offering good advice. The facts speak for themselves, and there is some evidence that each side realises them. The Turkish Government has used considerable severity towards the Chauvinists of the Committee, and while this may eventually prepare reaction in the domestic affairs of the Empire, it is a proof that Kiamil Pasha does not mean to engage in a headstrong and desperate battle against destiny. In the camp of the Allies, on the other hand, the chief risk may be dissension, and it is the Bulgarians, after bearing the brunt of the war, who would be the chief sufferers. Their share in a delivered Macedonia ought manifestly to be larger than the territory which their armies have overrun. There is probably no district of European Turkey in which the villages are more ardently Bulgarian in sympathy than the Monastir region, or none in which they have suffered more severely for the national cause. To abandon it will put a strain on Servian loyalty, but one trusts that both Greeks and Servians will realise that they have had a relatively light task in the West, only because the Bulgarians were engaging the main forces of the enemy in the East. It is not merely in the interests of an immediate settlement that unity is essential. If the League were to break up, the state of the Near East after the war might be scarcely happier than it was before it. Bulgaria, with a port in the Ægean, will be tempted to become a naval Power, and the possibilities of an active rivalry in armaments which that single prospect discloses might cloud much that is fairest in the present prospect. While the League holds together, the load of militarism which has lain heavily on all the Balkan States, and especially on Bulgaria, may be lightened without risk.

The chances of an uneventful settlement after the war are meanwhile vastly improved by Servia's assent to the very proper demand which Austria had put forward to be placed in communication with her Consul at Prizrend. No one who knows anything of that turbulent town will take such an incident as this too seriously. It usually has only two European inhabitants, the Austrian and Russian Consuls, and they are normally engaged in leading the Albanian and Servian factions respectively. It is quite probable that M. Prochaska, a brilliant official who happens to be one of the few competent European students of the Albanian language, has been led into indiscretion as much by sympathy as by policy. But nothing could quite justify the action of which the Servians are accused in treating him virtually as a prisoner. There is much in the conduct of Austria during the war which deserves commendation for its moderation. She might with some legal right have vetoed the acquisition of the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar. In so far as she is insisting that territory which is properly Albanian shall not be alienated by the mere right of conquest, she is, with whatever motives, adopting an attitude which the disinterested Powers ought to share. It is the principle of nationality, and not any mere snatching at "fruits of victory" which ought to govern the eventual settlement. The main principle in regard to Albania

is clearly that this backward but promising race must be regarded as the ward of the Concert. While Greece should get her due in the South, and Montenegro in the North, the Albanian estate must not be unduly curtailed nor its future prejudiced because at the moment of settlement it is too weak to assert its rights, and too unripe to be capable at the start of democratic self-government. It should not be difficult to include in the eventual settlement a clause by which Serbia would acquire a port at San Giovanni di Medua, with railway facilities behind it. Neither it nor Alessio is naturally a good harbor, and if fortifications were forbidden, the Austrian suspicion that it is Russia, for strategical reasons, which is seeking through the hand of Serbia to come down to the Adriatic, ought to be dispelled. The Balkan States, after the present war, ought all to have reached a level above such far-fetched interpretations as this. Bulgaria, at least, is clear already of the suspicion that she is a Russian tool, and if the League holds together, there is no longer a reason why any of her allies should take its policy from any of the Greater Powers. There is a prospect now that Austria may be willing to adjourn the settlement of this question of the Adriatic port to a European Congress. It is the right and the duty of the disinterested Powers to throw all their weight into the scale in favor of this postponement. Alike for the sake of Europe and of the Near East, this Congress, however much it may agree in advance to accept accomplished facts and to recognise the principle of nationality which the League has vindicated, will have real work to do. The Albanians will require its protection. Even more in need of its help are the Armenians, who are only too likely, if their existence is forgotten, to fall victims of the desire of the more savage Turkish elements for revenge. Their case has in it an element of tragedy from which even at the worst the plight of the Macedonians was free. They have no natural champion even among the minor States. A solution which fits their case is extremely difficult to invent. The more urgent their need, the more incumbent is it on diplomacy to think of their case betimes.

Let us, therefore, sum up the main conditions of a durable peace. They seem to us to be:—

1. An equitable partition of Macedonia and Northern Thrace between the Allies, leaving the Turk Constantinople and an *enclave*.
2. The application of the principle of open ports to difficult cases such as Salonica and the finding of a commercial outlet for Serbia on the Adriatic.
3. Some security for the better government of the Christian races in Asia which will remain under Turkish rule.
4. The separate treatment of Middle Albania on lines of autonomy.

#### THE NEW SHIP MONEY.

An official announcement appeared a fortnight ago intimating that the people of the Federated Malay States were so concerned at the defenceless condition of Britain that they desired to present her with a Dread-

nought costing them two and a quarter million pounds. The perilous state of the Mother Country as regards naval defence is now the chief issue at by-elections in Canada, and the Canadian Government is proposing an "emergency" provision of some seven millions as a special contribution to our needs. Each of these offers is utilised in other Dependencies by the Imperialist party to stimulate the "voluntary" generosity of their government or people. Nor is this the only way by which the younger nations of our Empire are being drawn into the vices of the old. Thousands of reluctant boys in far Australia are being rounded up for military service, while their parents are prosecuted for their peaceful proclivities. A vigorous organised endeavor is evidently being made to induce, incite, or compel all parts of our Empire to arm for war on land and sea. Now, are we in this defenceless condition? What is this emergency with which Mr. Borden seeks to scare the dollars from his countrymen? What is the meaning of this conspiracy to pump the scare-virus of Jingoism into the peaceful inhabitants of our Dominions and Dependencies? Mr. McCallum Scott has done well to call attention to the case of the offer of the Federated Malay States, which the "Westminster Gazette" describes as a "spontaneous demonstration of loyalty." Spontaneous on the part of whom? The people who pay the taxes? Not at all. They have no voice in their government. We are told of the unanimity with which the Sultans and the non-official members of the Council voted this money. Even of their "spontaneity" we have our doubts, but we can readily conceive the blend of motives used to stimulate the loyalty which shows itself in presents of other people's money.

Now, since the American Revolution, it has been a growing policy of prudence to abstain from supplementing our resources by direct levies on the resources of our Colonies. We are told there have been exceptions. A writer in the "Times" says that Mauritius has been called upon for a military contribution during the last ten years. In any case, the action is a grossly improper one. The populations of our Crown Colonies and Protectorates are seldom able to afford the luxury of such expensive presents; they need all their public revenue for their own purposes of government. In no case ought we to accept such presents where the people have had no option to refuse. It is now intimated that Malta and Ceylon may be expected shortly to evince a similar spirit of spontaneous loyalty. Whether or not the direct initiative in such cases proceeds from the Colonial Office here matters very little. Anyone who knows how such affairs are engineered must condemn them as scandalous and fraught with obvious dangers to the good government of our dependencies. To "fawn upon the younger nations" of our Empire for ship-money is not particularly dignified, but to cadge for doles to help "the white man's burdens" is surely what, in present-day parlance, is called "the limit."

The case of contributions from the self-governing Colonies is no doubt different. Regarded as a proposition of abstract equity, it is reasonable enough that these well-to-do people should help to pay for the armed pro-

tection which they receive. If they are willing to set up navies of their own, or to make solid contributions to the growing cost of our navy, we ought, it is maintained, to feel glad and even grateful. For they are under no compulsion to do so. But we should feel more satisfied with the situation if we did not see in it signs of a conscious design to reverse the forces of national autonomy which have been the chief sources of vigor in our dominions, and to lure these nations into a formal political federation. An open attempt was made towards political federation in the early 'nineties. It failed ignominiously. Mr. Chamberlain then essayed the tradesman's entrance of a fiscal union on a protective basis. That failed to produce any fruit more solid than a set of little "preferences" in favor of our imports. Ever since the Boer war, and more particularly since the German scare was manufactured, a series of steps has been taken to work Imperial federation on a basis of armed defence. Colonial Ministers have been brought over here and been entrusted with the inner secrets of our international situation. In plain words, they have been filled with fears of Germany. In that condition they have been incited to take active measures for organising Imperial defence. They return to their countries and strive to introduce compulsory military service, and to heat up to the paying point the apprehensions of a loyal population quite unable to check the value of the scares conveyed to them by the repositories of the secrets of our Foreign Office.

Now, if these "benevolences" were really spontaneous, and proceeded from a reasoned colonial policy, we should regard them with unmixed favor. We could then lighten the growing burden of our own contributions. But the evidence is all against such reasonable spontaneity. Nor is any suggestion made to the effect that our shipbuilding will be reduced in consequence of this assistance. The net result will be to inspire Germany with new suspicions of our eagerness to increase even our present enormous naval superiority, and so to strengthen the hands of her "big Navy" party. No more positive security is thus obtained; only a quickened rate of expenditure on both sides of the North Sea. But for us the political implications are hardly less important. If the Dominions pursued the policy to which most of them at first inclined, namely, to build ships primarily for their own defence, and to retain full control over their use in peace or war, they would be following the normal lines of their national development. But if they come into a close union for Imperial defence, they must, consistently with their dignity and interests, exercise some voice in moulding the measures of that defence. Occasional consultation by the home authorities, at the will of the latter, will not suffice. From a question in the House of Commons we see that it is already under contemplation to invite Colonial officials to become members of our Defence Committee. Now, defence is not separable from control of foreign policy, and though the functions of our Defence Committee are in form only advisory, in fact the decisions of that Committee are liable very gravely to affect our policy at critical moments. If our information is correct, the most momentous decisions for the preparation for war in the summer of last year were

made on the "advice" of the Defence Committee, without express endorsement by the Cabinet. In any case it is clear that a full assumption of responsibility for Imperial defence must involve responsibility for foreign policy, and for the establishment of some Imperial Council in which that fact shall obtain full recognition. This would in itself be a considerable step towards political federation, and would greatly assist any Conservative Government in this country to secure that Imperial Customs union which, after Mr. Hofmeyr's original plan, might use a tariff against foreigners as a common Imperial instrument for levying taxes for Imperial defence. It is no doubt very tempting to seek some relief from our naval expenditure by contributions from our well-to-do Colonies. But will it really secure relief? To extend our European policy of armaments to the new nations, thus expanding the world area of international animosity with all the wastes, material and moral, that accompany the process, will probably diminish no whit the net burden of our insecurity, while it does the worst possible disservice to the younger peoples whom we incite to copy our example.

#### NEARING A SETTLEMENT.

WE may, we think, conclude that the second rather than the first of the two decisions taken by the Executive of the British Medical Association represents the real attitude of the profession to the Insurance Act. We will go a little further, and suggest that the resolution carries with it, if not the immediate acceptance of the measure, the promise of an early settlement. The process is a familiar one to all students of strikes. A desire for peace grows in the body of the union, and the leaders find it necessary to reckon with it. It then becomes an object of the first importance to ensure that the bargain is a "collective" one, negotiated by the trade union executive. This is the more difficult when the fighting party in the union happens to be that which is least affected by the settlement. That is precisely the position of the British Medical Association. It is largely governed by Harley Street. But Harley Street will not administer the Act, and its livelihood does not depend on it. Not so the general practitioner engaged in contract work. The agitation has never for a moment considered his position. He is now faced with the prospect of the loss of his next quarter's fees from his friendly society, for he has resigned his appointment, and no new arrangement has been made. All that the Association has done or can do for him is to offer him a ridiculously inadequate guarantee fund. In effect, we imagine that he has made up his mind to accept the Act. We are, we think, well within the mark when we say that from 2,000 to 3,000 doctors in the metropolitan district are to-day prepared to take service. Their numbers will grow with the formation of each fresh panel, and the London example will quickly spread to those not very numerous provincial centres in which adequate panels cannot at once be found. It may or may not be necessary to form a new association to protect and promote the administration of the Act. Should the need arise, it will doubtless be met. But our belief



is that as soon as the British Medical Association realises the urgent case of the doctor whose livelihood depends on contract practice, it will accept the situation with a good grace, and will become an efficient agent of peace.

The Government, therefore, stand in a very strong position. They will not take advantage of it to depreciate the standing of the medical profession, or to offer less than the full reward of the more honest and scientific treatment of public health which the new Act demands. The revised financial terms are ample, and they will not be enlarged. But if the regulations can be modified without destroying the authority of the Insurance Committees, some further concession may be made to medical claims. It is said that the profession especially object to the powers taken by the Insurance Committees to deal with practitioners on their panels, and if necessary to expel them. The doctors prefer to keep this disciplinary power in professional hands, and the Commissioners may be disposed to go some way towards satisfying them. For our part, we confess to some regret that the Act will not start on the basis of a State Medical Service. It does not need a lively imagination to realise the immense benefits that must follow from the power of the State to go into each district, and selecting the best of the younger medical men, to secure their undivided interest for, say, a starting salary of £600 a year, going up to £1,000. Thus a fresh store of enthusiasm, knowledge, and courage would at once be secured for the great exploratory mission to which medical science is now summoned. This would be the inevitable development of a general refusal to work the Act. There will, we think, be no such refusal; and we approach therefore the settlement of the controversy on the lines originally proposed.

#### THE LIFTING OF THE YOKE.

THE taking of Monastir by a Servian army was evidently an efficient military exploit. It is not a place well calculated for defence. It lies relatively low among the mountains, and when the writer knew it well, some eight years ago, it had no modern fortifications, though its most conspicuous buildings were the great salmon-colored barracks, and its chief spectacles the movements of its great garrison on the parade ground and through the tortuous streets. Below it is a rich plain, which becomes a plashy swamp in time of rain. Its hills are covered alternately in winter with the dazzling snow of frost, or the Scotch mist in times of thaw. Winding up from it towards Ochrida and Durazzo runs the old Roman Via Egnatia, down which the Servian force advanced. It is a road which betrays to-day the good intentions of a clever engineer, and the deplorable husbandry of the Turkish administration. A score of times have I ridden over it with a chattering escort of Anatolian troopers. To the right and the left lay the burned villages of Bulgarian rebels. Here one passed a charred blockhouse, of which each side would tell its grisly tale. It was in that blockhouse that the Turkish soldiers would gather the women of yonder village and force them to dance naked while the raki went round. Here

it was that a month later the insurgents captured the little garrison like rats in a trap, frugally collected their rifles, and then burned them alive in their quarters. Down below in the misty plain is the village of Mokreni, where a guerilla band made its last stand in front of the mountain guns and a Turkish force, which outnumbered it by twenty to one. I saw its handsome leader, riddled with wounds, mutilated and disfigured, buried with all his men in one grave. The village priest, stricken with aphasia, lay like a sick beast on the straw, watching the cottages smoulder around him. Up and down that road has passed all the drama and tragedy of Macedonian life. The bands went furtively over it by night, and the slow pursuit rumbled after them by day. Down it fled the refugees from the burned villages into Monastir town, and up it they went slowly at last to repair their ruined homes. Down it from the hills came the daring nucleus of the Young Turk army, which unfurled its flag of revolt at Resna, celebrated its triumph, and proclaimed a fallacious hope in Monastir town. Up it these same soldiers tried to break in a desperate sortie, the last rear-guard in an adventure which has failed. Since the Romans built it, what drums and trappings, what inroads of strange barbarians and foreign creeds, what revolts and conquests has it not seen! And who shall say that the last army has camped in victory between its churches and its mosques?

It would be difficult to realise what the final lifting of the Turkish yoke will mean for Macedonia, were it not that the object-lesson lies visible to every traveller who passes the frontier. The same landscapes, the same climate, the same racial types lie on either side of the invisible line, but the transition as one moves into Turkey is from a busy order to a stagnant chaos, from contentment to terror, from the family life of a self-governing people to the perennial process of conquest which the forms of law could hardly disguise. It is this change which has already begun in the wake of the Balkan armies. I can imagine the gesture of triumph with which the citizens of Monastir would fling their fezzes—those odd badges of an unwilling loyalty—on to the dust-heap, to don the head-gear of Europeans. From the secret recesses of a certain bookshop in the high street, I can see the prohibited books and magazines brought forth to flaunt in the windows. In the Consulates the clerks will be writing "Finis" on the last page of the big book in which political murders are recorded. Long before a permanent civil administration is installed, the Greek or Bulgarian magnate who owns a bit of land somewhere out among the hills beside the Lake of Ochrida or Reshna, will have ventured out in the new security, to see the place which he had not dared to visit since boyhood. But it is in the villages that the greatest change of all will come. The Macedonian problem was political on the surface and agrarian beneath it. The central fact of village life was always the relationship between the Christian family in the hovel and the Moslem dynasty which inhabited the big, rambling house outside it. Sooner or later, when the problems of the new era are faced, the tribute from the tiller to the landlord, from the native to the conqueror, from the unarmed serf to the representative of the garrison, will

be regularised, and in the end abolished. From the fact and habit of conquest proceeded a world of petty and systematic injustices. There were unpaid services, there was a great rent in kind, there was blackmail to every retainer and satellite of the great man. There was, in a word, a system which in taxes and rent and customary tribute absorbed something like two-thirds of the produce of every cultivator's toil. Massacre and outrage was an occasional scourge. But this tyranny of the village was perpetual. Little by little the very aspect of the Macedonian landscape will change with its politics. A generation hence men will wonder why the little towns were always built in the most inaccessible places on the hills. In a few years the daring younger generation will have ventured to build a lonely farm or an isolated cottage a mile away from the protection of the village, and villages themselves, which used to shelter in the recesses of the valleys, will migrate to the open roads which once were the beaten highways of fear. Fear was the Macedonian disease, endemic and epidemic by turns, a real physical affection which paralysed and distorted and killed. It will become as obsolete in Macedonia as gaol-fever is in England.

We are likely to learn quite promptly what are the lines of demarcation on which the allies have agreed. It is obvious that they will not exactly follow the course of the military operations. The Servians have shown a quite unexpected military efficiency. But they have had a task which cannot for one moment be compared with that of the Bulgarians. They were dealing with forces which hardly thought, after the first few days of the war, of making a serious resistance. That Monastir can eventually be anything but Bulgarian we find it hard to believe. It would be folly to dogmatise about the exact ethnological affinities of the Slav population which inhabits Western Macedonia. Its speech is a distinct dialect which is neither Serb nor Bulgar, though probably it is nearer to the latter. In history it lived in turn under the ephemeral Empires which each race created. But in the last generation its political sympathies have been loyally and uniformly Bulgarian. With few exceptions the Slav villages joined the Exarchist (Bulgarian) Church, and their young men fought in the Bulgarian bands. From Bulgaria they received their education, and so close were the home ties that it was always to distant Sofia that an exile fled in time of trouble. The effective rivalry, such as there was, was between Greece and Bulgaria, and not between Bulgaria and Servia. The aggrieved minority, if Monastir becomes Bulgarian at the close of the war, will be its Vlach inhabitants, who are Roumanian by race, but Greek by culture and sympathy. There can be at best only a rough justice in any partition. Albanians will be included in the Servian Kossovo, and Bulgarians in the Servian Uskub. Greeks will be stranded in Monastir, and Bulgarians in the Greek sphere to the South. But the stimulus to trade and agriculture will make migration easy, and the Federation, if it holds together, will bury the old feuds in the memory of a stupendous victory for Balkan unity. It is enough for the moment that the nightmare of cruelty is ended.

H. N. B.

#### AN ULSTER ANTHOLOGY.

We hear much from Unionists nowadays of the reconciliation which the Union brought to Ireland. Evil passions of Irishmen, we are assured, sink away before "that English spirit of mutual forbearance which is an everlasting enigma to the Celtic mind." There is no enigma to the Englishman about his forbearance. It is all set out prominently in the "Times." His "sentiment of good-natured contempt" can "make allowance for an un-English type," and even occasionally concede some power to "men who, born and brought up in the 'Celtic twilight,' cannot tolerate the broad sunlight of a stronger and more wholesome civilisation than theirs, the ancient liberties of the land of their former conquerors." But in spite of a "generosity which he knows will be counted to him for weakness," the Englishman still secretly despises them, since in his heart of hearts he still believes that

"God made the English overlords  
Of all the shadowy, shiftless hordes,  
An unsubstantial multitude,  
That knew not faith and lived by feud."

Such is the picture drawn by one of themselves, staggering under the White Man's burden. We recognise the ancient tradition of the self-styled "governing race," the old ignorances, the old catchwords, the old conceits, the old weary insults. The spirit of the Turk is in it. Whatever the Union has changed, it has not changed the Unionist; and Irishmen, if they must forget the past, should at least view carefully the English Unionist of to-day.

The thunders of Ulster week have shown us the medieval world in which he lives. Platforms resounded with cries borrowed from centuries long ago, as English Tories hailed their supposed fellow-citizens of Ireland. "Our enemies!" cried the Earl of Erne; "Enniskillen an outpost against the enemy!" added Lord Londonderry; "Your enemies!" reiterated Mr. F. E. Smith; "hereditary enemies," "traditional enemies," "implacable enemies"—so the medieval watchword was tossed about savagely, as it had been five centuries ago when all were Roman Catholics together, and Papist English shouted to Papist Irish—"Wild Irish our enemies." Protestants outside Ulster, to quote the shameless falsehood of Mr. F. E. Smith, were "small beleaguered garrisons in the midst of a hostile population." Lord Hugh Cecil, after the tradition of his name, contemplated Ireland as a place with "all the good things that *our* ancestors won for *us*, and that *we* have enjoyed," and showed himself much incommode by Sir Edward Carson's admission of Ireland a nation. He passionately reminded the audience that the "different nation" which was to have a Parliament in Dublin, was "a nationality which they *despise and hate*." Union or no Union, he has remained splendidly true to the spirit of his father's saying, "The instinctive feeling of an Englishman is to wish to get rid of an Irishman." To these "Imperialists," as to their militant ancestors, the Irish are not only "enemies," but "aliens," and Orange stalwarts protest at their meetings against any traffic with "an alien Government set up in Ireland"—the government, in other words, of the bulk of the inhabitants of the country.

It is only natural that leaders fired with the rude passions of the Middle Ages should raise the cry of fourteenth-century barons for the right of private war: "We will ask you," gallant Lord Castlereagh demanded, "to stand aside and let us deal with the remainder of our countrymen who are endeavoring to dominate and coerce us." They "might have to take up their positions on the field," said Mr. William Moore, but "it would not be against his conscience to take the field against John Redmond, Cardinal Logue, and Company." "If His Majesty," Lord Templetown announced, "chooses on the recommendation of his Ministers to sign a Home Rule measure, then it is up against Ulster to stand between such a Bill and the ruin of the Empire." A gallant colonel, passing the Saunderson statue that day, "was reminded of a declaration of their late friend; 'We will fight Home Rule till hell is frozen; and when hell is



frozen we will fight it on the ice.' *If that last dread necessity should arise,*" concluded the speaker, "*go in as disciplined Christian men*"—I suppose to let the array of Popes there see the difference. To Orange meetings Mr. F. E. Smith "stood for all that was best in the character of John Bull," and they heard him gladly as he told of Jennie Geddes: "Her title to fame was that she was the first woman that flung a stool that broke a dynasty. Gentlemen, Ulster is the Jennie Geddes of to-day." It must be understood, however, by modern England that while Orangemen were upsetting dynasties and "dealing with" their "enemies," there must be no talk of coercing them; if that were attempted, he renewed the threat of Mr. Bonar Law to Ministers, that "the populace of London would lynch you on their lamp-posts."

What the Orange view of Ireland really is, it would be hard to say. Half the speeches describe it as despicably poor from the vileness of the people, the other half as surprisingly rich under the blessings of the Union. Any argument that comes handy is indifferently used, regardless of truth or coherence. From Lord Hugh Cecil, faithful to his gospel of "hate," we have the echoes of medieval contempt: "stained by a past tainted with crime, stained by a present devoid of all sense of the greatness of nationhood; because, let us remember that this precious nation that is to be erected will be the most squalid and sordid thing that the world has ever seen." "This nation, a mendicant among the nations, is what you are offered for a nationality." It is a picture Lord Burghley might have compared complacently with the cant English phrases of his day—"a people truly beastly and ignorant," "false by kind," and the like—the brutal cant that justified these old stupidities and cruelties of which honest Englishmen are now ashamed. Lord Londonderry, however, has his own reasons for calling another tune. Ireland, he says (at friendly odds with Lord Hugh Cecil in tactics), "was a poor country before the Union, but it was now one of the most prosperous countries in the world." Other speakers loudly echoed and enlarged on his engaging text. On the other hand, postcards circulated from the Unionist headquarters in Belfast, where he is all-powerful, warn Unionists against being shareholders "*in a little bankrupt shop on the roadside*." In the tangle of contradictions the words of Addison come back to us: "He had read with critical eyes the important volume of human life, and knew the heart of man from the depths of stratagem to the surface of affectation."

The clergy have not been behind the laymen in the heat and antiquity of their phrases. Solemn days of confession and intercession and covenant-signing became magnificent orgies of self-laudation. In every church the jubilant cry was flung up to heaven—"God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men, or even as this publican." I saw the Covenanters gathered in a chief centre of Protestant Orangeism, and in its leading Presbyterian church. "O God," the minister prayed, "remember that Thou art not a God like other Gods." He was the God, not of Munster or Connacht, but of Ulster, and should not forget that He was pledged to its success. There was a Pagan glamor in the phrase. The God of War and Wealth was enthroned for the north-eastern counties, His servants.

"Dieu des Juifs, tu l'emportes!"

"David, David triomphe, Achab seul est détruit!"

After all, Ulster Protestants had devoted fields of slaughter to their God, had routed with sword and bloodhounds the Papists, and overturned their Baal and his priests, and had done gloriously in linen and shipping. They now desire no more than a continuance of these mercies, greater, they deprecatingly remark, than they deserve. But as for present peril, neither heaven nor earth can say they have deserved that. So, among many others, the Bishop of Derry vociferates. He grants that some ever unnamed sins, strictly omitted from those days of confession and intercession, they will secretly confess to God. But as regards Irishmen, they have done no wrong. No crime stains their hands. Ulster Protestants, he cries, are not assassins and cattle-

maimers. (Alas! only because their grandfathers did for them in Ulster exactly what a later generation did for Munster. Men hunted by hunger or injustice do just the same things in every race and religion; and Ulster farmers now share the profits won for them by the war of the Munster peasant, and add them to the gains they themselves secured by their own older cattle-maimers and death-dealers.) The bishop likens the Irish Protestant to St. Paul before the judgment seat of Festus. The persecuted apostle was "comparatively safe in the hands of imperial law, just as we, *amid bitter foes*, are sheltered by our place under the British flag. But this protection is grudged to us, as his to Paul. His enemies ask to have him transferred to Jerusalem *for the convenience of having him murdered on the way*. Will it be pretended by anyone that it is for our better security that England is invited to cast us off?" Festus, fearing to sentence Paul to death, laid a trap to have him murdered. The same trap is laid by the Government for guileless Protestants. Will you go to Jerusalem? so the wily governor would have tricked Paul. "Yes; and will we be good Irishmen?" But bishops are not so innocent. "Therefore we are asked—Will ye put yourselves at the mercy of *your sworn foemen*, of them who have declared openly and often that in the hour of their triumph they will take revenge? Like Paul we see the treason!" God and all just men are called to save them, faultless, from vengeful murderers—"the wild Irish, our enemies." In other sermons the hint of near massacre or extermination hovered luridly if guardedly in the background. Go sign the Covenant, was heard on all sides, for "*this is not a political, it is a religious question*"; it is a question not only of your liberties, but of your life—"of your existence," confirmed Mr. F. E. Smith, the representative in Ulster of John Bull at his best. A leading Presbyterian in a leading centre urged on his congregation of Covenant-signers their imminent danger from a conspiracy "with the Pope at the back and the centre of it. *They mean to change the religion of Ulster*." The hint was clear. Protestants would understand that this could only be effected in one way, for had they not once done it themselves? In imagining what others might do, the orators doubtless looked within; or glanced at the history of their own churches. Do they dread the effects of security in others? "It is injustice, and not a mistaken conscience," was Burke's awful charge against the Protestant rule in old days. "It is not your fear that does this cruelty and evil, it is your security."

Ulster week, with its challenge to civilisation, will remain a lesson for our people on the spirit of Unionists towards Ireland. They have frankly spread before us their ancient ignorances, hostilities, contempts, and, if we include Lord Hugh Cecil, their hatreds. "Odit quem laeserit." Are these insults their method of commending the Union, and their claim to Irish confidence and affection? For whether they defeat this Bill or not, Ireland will still remain, and men of North and South will still be gathered within its limits.

During these weeks of excitement I was travelling in Ireland, mainly in Ulster, and almost exclusively among Roman Catholics. I listened to much talk, and was left in no doubt as to the desire for Home Rule. But I never heard one word of enmity, or bitterness, or hostility. It is a point of honor with Nationalists to forbid criticism of those who belong to Ireland as being "our countrymen." Outside Orange groups the words "bitter foes," "implacable enemies," are simply impossible. I remained astonished at the universal spirit of charity and national brotherhood. Irishmen beyond the border of the Lodges may have their own form of bad language, but if an Englishman came to talk to them of Ulstermen as "their enemies," "whom they hate," his time would be short. On the one side there is the harsh voice of churches that, from spiritual organisations, have turned themselves into political caucuses; on the other is the heart of a people lifted up to save the national soul of their ancient land. The judgment of Solomon remains the classical test of true devotion, between those who would see their country cut asunder, and those who would preserve it whole.

ALICE STOPFORD GREEN.



## Life and Letters.

### "THE INSTINCTS OF LIBERTY."

THE defence of last week's disorder in the House of Commons presented by Tory leaders in the press and on the platform is at least as significant as the disorder itself. The action was organised, and not, as might at first sight have appeared, a natural outburst of sudden exasperation. It was the deliberate adoption of anarchy as a policy by the party of "law and order." "I did not attempt," said Mr. Bonar Law, "to interfere with what my colleagues in the House of Commons desired to do—and under similar circumstances I shall never try it." It is, of course, pretended in some quarters that the shock of Mr. Asquith's rescinding resolution evoked this spontaneous response of "human nature" in the Unionist Party. They felt the "liberty" of Parliament to be at stake, and in that sacred name they were willing even to incur the opprobrium of adopting what one of their own journals called "pot-house methods." It was "an instinct of liberty," says the "Spectator," and Lord Hugh Cecil, the philosopher of what appears to be the new Conservatism, furnishes an interesting formula for the operations of this instinct. "And if provision be not regularly made for securing the minority its proper rights, the instincts of liberty in the minds of Englishmen are much too strong to endure oppression tamely." Similarly, the instincts of justice are so strong in white Americans as to make them prefer lynching to the slow and impartial operation of the law courts. The same instincts prompt to set aside all those written laws expressing the gathered wisdom of the past, and to substitute the caprice and passion of an "unwritten law."

But Lord Hugh's formula contains another phrase quite as illuminating—viz., "the proper rights" of the minority. Who shall determine what are those proper rights? Why, of course, the minority! And how? Of course, again, by the exercise of the same "instincts" which incite them to defend those rights! When one studies the recent revelations of the Tory mind in working, using as a commentary the extraordinarily frank exposition of Conservative doctrine given by Lord Hugh Cecil in his little volume in the Home University Library, some simple truths emerge. The first truth is that Conservatism has never been the policy of "law and order," but only of "our law and our order." A second and related truth is that representative government has never been accepted as an authoritative principle by the Tory mind. So long as the real foundations of Conservatism, the existing system of property, and the social and political control of the propertied classes, remained substantially intact, there was no reason why Conservatives should trouble to contravene the formal sovereignty of the people or the "principle" of representative government. Now the actual forces of "law and order" have hitherto remained in their hands; the Army, the Navy, the Police, the high permanent civil offices, the administration of the laws, have been officered almost entirely by the propertied classes. Their control of the Church, the Universities, the Press, and the other instruments of spiritual influence has hitherto been adequate to sustain their conceptions of law and order. Though each broadening of the franchise has brought a fresh twinge of fear, it has soon passed away as they have recognised that the play of the party system, taken in conjunction with their permanent hold upon administrative government, afforded them sufficient protection. Besides, there were always the Lords to fight for them.

If we realise the full meaning of the current of political events in the last few years, we shall understand why Conservatives are falling back upon a doctrine of "instincts," and are developing methods of anarchy. So long as democracy and representative government were not really dangerous, they did lip-service to these popular principles. But what has been happening in the last six years has thrown them back upon instincts. They can no longer rely upon obstruction, the timely swing of the electoral pendulum, and the House of Lords,

to slow down the pace and destroy the efficacy of Radical legislation. Deep discords prevail in their own ranks. Radicalism, which hitherto had spent most of its energies in improvements of political machinery or in minor acts of social legislation that did no particular harm, is now moving rapidly forward along several roads to an attack upon the property and the power of the minority who alone, by virtue of their superior efficiency, wisdom, and stake in the country, form the rightful ruling class! The assertion of the divine right of the propertied and educated classes to rule, though they are a minority, which is so explicitly held by Lord Hugh Cecil, is not, of course, clearly present to the consciousness of the rank and file. But, none the less, it constitutes their "instinct of liberty," and prompts their "unwritten law." Scratch a Conservative and you find an Anarchist in every State where the forces of popular government obtain. For, not believing in popular government, or intending that it shall prevail, their Conservatism is essentially directed to paralyse the forces of that government as soon as it escapes from their control. The failure of Tariff Reform and the utter inability of their leaders to produce popular appeals, coupled with the awful apparition of "that devil George," have for the first time in modern history broken the self-confidence of our Tories. Though idly tampering with a Referendum, they have no trust in the people. The Budget of 1907, the destruction of the Lords' Veto, followed by the Insurance Act and the Home Rule Bill, accompanied by an endless vista of "Socialism" which they feel impotent to oppose by constitutional means, have, for the first time since the period of the first Reform Bill, thrown them back upon those instincts of barbarism which are always latent in a privileged class. The masks of gentility, of public service, of decency, are flung aside, and the angry fears of power and property stand out naked and unashamed.

It is no sudden ebullition. Against that view one may quote the long instigation to this "policy" given by Mr. Garvin and other counsellors. Again, though the temper and conduct of Ulster appear to have been imported into Westminster, it would be an error to rely upon this explanation. Neither does this insolent and riotous repudiation of the rights of the elected majority in the House of Commons really rest on a conviction that the measures or methods of the Government have not the assent of a majority of the electorate. For though they may, for convenience, demand a Referendum as a temporary check upon the rule in Parliament, everyone of these leaders of Conservative revolt reserves a right to reject any mandate of a "mere majority" which offends what they consider the "proper rights" of the minority. What these Conservatives are actually asserting is the right to revert to the earlier conditions of class-war, for which it was believed a better and more rational substitute had been found in representative government.

The gravity of the situation thus presented is great. For it appears at a time when in many other quarters rebellion against law and elective institutions is advocated and practised, not by individual outlaws and criminals, but by organised groups, claiming to act on principle. Professor Dicey, in his dignified letter to the "Times," presses an analogy: "The rowdyism of the suffragettes has ruined the cause of woman suffrage; every sane Unionist knows that the Parliamentary rowdyism of Unionists may easily bring about the ruin of Unionism." But the analogy is not exact. The suffragettes have at least the excuse that they possess no present constitutional mode of redress; the final argument against their rowdyism is that even the indirect method of rational persuasion is more efficacious in a cause that rests on reason than any method which inhibits reason. But the Unionists have their constitutional remedies. If, as they contend, the electorate is really with them, it will be more with them at the General Election, and they will be enabled by constitutional means to amend or repeal any measure passed by the present Parliament. If they and their leaders prefer to strangle Parliament, asserting a doctrine which gives every minority of one "right" to determine all his

"proper rights," and assert them by brute force under the direction of an "instinct of liberty," it can only be interpreted as an insolent defiance of the foundations of popular self-government. Invoked as a policy for the defence of property, it is peculiarly foolish. For the majority, the workers whose labor goes to produce the property which the minority claim the right to "defend," may also come to a clear adoption of the view that a majority has "proper rights;" and "instincts of liberty" may begin to seethe in the breasts of that majority. At present it pursues the paths of peace, because it believes that its will can in some reasonable measure prevail through representative institutions. As soon as Mr. Bonar Law, Sir William Anson, and Lord Hugh Cecil have convinced our people that this belief is erroneous, they may look for one of those outbursts of the popular "instinct for liberty" which is called a Revolution.

#### PROTESTANTISM AND PROGRESS.

IN certain quarters, where better things might have been expected, Protestantism is out of fashion. What Mr. G. B. Shaw calls the Chester-Belloc will have none of it; Mr. Hutton cannot describe the "Cities of Lombardy" without a panegyric of the Inquisition, which, he declares, was "necessary to the sanity of the world, and, after all, on the side of sweetness and light"; in "Everyman" a voice from Balliol proclaims—shade of Jowett!—that "the pendulum of the young life of England is swinging far out in the direction of Rome—a fact which does not seem to alter either their (*sic*) belief in science or their logical abilities"; and an Anglican reviewer of that striking dissuasive from Popery, the "Life of Father Tyrrell," rises from its perusal retaining "the admiration and respect which he has always felt for the mighty and venerable Church of Rome." The distinctive note of Neo-Catholicism of this sort is a certain make-belief. Its subjective sincerity need not be questioned; but its representatives misconceive both Catholicism and themselves. Mr. Chesterton associates the "mighty and venerable Church of Rome" with beer; Mr. Belloc with burgundy. It is improbable that Mr. Hutton would attend an *auto-da-fé*, were one to take place—this, perhaps, is still more improbable; the police would disperse the meeting—at Smithfield; the Rome for which the "Church Times" reviewer entertains so touching an "admiration and respect" is a figment of his own imagination, to which nothing in the world of fact ever so remotely corresponds. Distinguish them as he will, the Roman Church and the Roman Curia are "as identical as any two persons of the Trinity," to adapt a phrase of Tyrrell's. And we may not "divide the substance"; the two are one.

It may be remarked that a noticeable feature of the little coterie of which we are speaking—it is not large, and its power of expression is in excess of its significance—is the extent to which it keeps the dogmatic basis of Catholicism, so prominent in the Tractarians and in Newman, in the background. The less said of it, the feeling seems to be, the better. It is tolerated, and receives the assent—often the very nominal assent—of the convert, not for its own sake or on its own merits, but because of something of quite another order of which it is believed to be a condition. This is the romance of life, the totality of human experience, which (it is suggested) finds its highest expression in Catholicism, and, ultimately, in the Church of Rome. The Chester-Belloc, for example, associates Protestantism with abstinence from malt liquor and, in general, from alcohol—let him cross the Border, and he will discover his error; Mr. Hutton with a proprietary chapel, as opposed to Milan Cathedral—which is certainly a more impressive building; the "Church Times" with Calvinistic sermons, of fifty minutes' duration, preached in a black gown. Well, though *accidentia non mutant formam*, it is waste of time to argue with a predisposition. If Catholicism stands to him for wine, and Protestantism for water, your toper will swear by the former, say what you will. It is a case of refraction. Not till the medium ceases to show the facts refracted, can they be seen as they are.

Professor Ernest Troeltsch—we can hear in imagination the pleasantries of the Chester-Belloc on the proportion between consonant and vowel sounds in his name—gives us, in "Protestantism and Progress" (Williams & Norgate), an historical sketch of the relation of Protestantism to the modern world. His perspective is correct, and his thought liberating. The temper and outlook of the work are scientific. "The living possibilities of development and progress are to be found," the writer holds firmly, "on Protestant soil." But he is too objective to picture the sixteenth century with the mind of the twentieth; there is a natural and necessary sequence in things. Recent historians of the Reformation—Principal Lindsay is an example—have insisted, properly, on its points of contact with the past. "There was a continuity in the religious life of the period"; the Reformation was a movement in the Medieval Church. And there could be no greater fallacy than to identify the Medieval Church with modern, or Latin, Catholicism. Rather it was the parent stem of which the Churches of to-day, Protestant and Catholic alike, are branches; or, to vary the metaphor, it was the seething pot in which the elements which subsequently entered into new combinations were originally contained. The separation effected, they developed on their own several lines—the more active and centrifugal coalescing into the various reformed Churches, the static and centripetal into the gradually more and more centralised and stereotyped Roman Church; which, with all its political and social consequence, survives like the deposit of some past geological formation in the strata of a later period. In the beginning the contrast between the two was less marked. The new had not taken on its full development; the old, though in conflict with, had not yet fallen out of touch with the mind of the age.

To attribute to the Reformers such conceptions as liberty of conscience, the inner light, or a critical and scientific theology, would be equally false psychologically and historically. They not only did not entertain them; they could not possibly have done so: the laws of mind forbade. Such attempts as were made in this direction came from what Troeltsch happily calls "the stepchildren of the Reformation"—Socinians, Anabaptists, Quakers, &c.—whom the Reformers disowned and persecuted; and "this can surprise no one," he adds, "who understands the inner structure of orthodox Protestant and of Baptist and Spiritualist thought." The Reformation was rather an emancipation than an illumination. It threw off much that was false and much that had become intolerable; but it had in view the mind and conscience not of our generation but of its own. It did not anticipate; but—it unsealed the springs. The massive Church-civilisation of the Middle Ages had imprisoned their living waters under a crust of externalism—letter, ceremonial, law. Its removal was the first necessity. The failure of every attempt, before or since, to reform Catholicism from within shows that a definite breach with the Papacy was the condition *sine qua non* of freedom. It was like the gate opened to Christian by "the grave person named Good-will." It did not open upon a transformed world; many a conflict awaited those who passed it. But to have passed it was to have entered upon the upward way. "The native spirituality of religion was definitely formulated as a principle, loosed from its connection with a hierarchic world-dominating institution, and made capable of freely combining with all the interests and factors of life."

This life, however—this is Troeltsch's main contention—was, in the first instance, that of its age. The great evangelical doctrines—the Fall, Original Sin, the Atonement—were retained, though without the old sacramental setting; there was no attempt to criticise or get behind them; the rule of the Bible, interpreted by current orthodoxy, replaced that of the Pope. It was in some respects less elastic and more burdensome; there were neither indulgences nor dispensations; "it is written" was the last word. This bondage to the letter was, indeed, temporary; the removal of the pressure of the hierarchy left theology room to grow. But this growth was the fruit of time. Its seeds were present, but they were present as seeds. The movement was a stage in a



process, not a fixed magnitude incapable of development or change. What is this but to say that it was living? that it lived in and with the life of mankind?

Professor Troeltsch contrasts the idealism of the Lutheran with the hard practicality of the Calvinist Churches; the former tending at its best to a certain spiritual quietism, at its worst to an arid semi-scholastic orthodoxy; the latter to the realisation of the Kingdom of God in the individual and in society, and to the overthrow of all tyrannies but its own. On the whole, he concludes, the connection between Protestantism and Progress has been not so much over-stated as put in a wrong light. It was effectual, but it was indirect. And the most active agents in the conscious construction of the world of thought and feeling in which we live were the erratic sects and the isolated thinkers disavowed by the Protestantism of the great confessions.

Yet even this built better than it knew; and, in this connection, it is to be wished that what Troeltsch describes as the "extraordinarily suggestive investigations" of W. Dilthey in the "Archiv für Geschichte der Philosophie" were available for English readers. The understanding of the present is the goal of history; more clearly than any of his contemporaries, Dilthey has laid down the fundamental ideas which should direct historical study, and connect the present with the past. It were ill-done to belittle the Reformers, because the accident of birth has placed us in a later generation than theirs. "I will not lay hands on my father Parmenides"; we have entered into their labors, and reap what they sowed.

#### THE BOOKIE, THE BACKER, AND THE SPORTING PROPHET.

TOWARDS the end of the season, the Bookmaker, travelling luxuriously by the racing special from London to a meeting in the Midlands, discusses his winter holiday. The day's "card" scarcely interests him. He turns an expert's eye of contempt on "The Scout's" selections for the meeting. "The Scout's" selections, if they happen to be backed, are usually good things for the Bookmaker. He is very smart and affable on his winnings. He lights up a half-crown cigar, if there is nothing more expensive to smoke. His concerns with racing are over for the season. What amuses him to think about and talk about is his winter holiday. Shall it be Cairo again, or what price a look in at New York this year, and the trip home by Australia? As the November Handicap comes on for settlement, the racing specials seem to swarm with these trained and learned gamblers who control the Ring; and they have money to spend in plenty in the winter haunts of the rich. Steeplechasing is a game not fat enough for their books. They can comfortably ignore the business of the Turf until in March it starts afresh at Lincoln.

The Affable Hawks of the Ring take their holiday at the expense of that most generous among speculators, the Backer. The name of the backer is legion. It is an owner of horses, inexhaustibly wealthy. It is the kitchen-maid, who, at the kitchen door, puts on her surreptitious shilling under counsel of the "milk" or the "meat"—who is often a bookmaker's tout. It is all sorts of persons in between. It is Everybody. During the racing season (we speak mainly of the season on the flat, but there are, in the 365 days of the year, over 540 days of racing), backers of every degree are helping the bookmaker to ripen his soul in winter. But their contributions to this end are of very unequal proportions. Many well-to-do owners bet very seldom and very small. On any day of the week a man of means with a taste for plunging could get a far better run for his money in the City than at Newmarket or Liverpool; and the plutocratic owner of these days not only does not often risk a fortune on his horse, but would, for sundry reasons, find it rather difficult to do so. A regular betting man of comfortable income will perhaps take £100 with him to Sandown; win £50 by a lucky touch on the first race, win and lose alternately during the rest of the afternoon, and return to town in the evening £250 to the bad, for settlement on the following Monday. But it is far lower in the scale

that we must look for the vast bulk of the money that gives the blue sky to the bookmaker in the winter. It flows in thin, continuous rivulets from the office stool, the factory, and the "bed-sitting-room for a gentleman."

In a capital book on racing, edited and brought out some few years ago by Mr. A. E. T. Watson, we read that, "There is no question whatever but that nowadays backers of horses are marvellously well posted." Is this the case? Information, no doubt there is, in immense, prodigious quantities. The newspapers are crammed with it; daily articles by our own racing man, reports from our correspondent at Newmarket, advertisements of tipsters from Bond Street to Belgium—and "tips," "selections," and "certainties" in hundreds. But may we from this infer that the backer is "marvellously well posted"? The season is over. The bookmaker is stepping aboard his ship for Cairo, Bombay, or Melbourne. And the backer? Well, the backer may be an earnest character who thinks we shall want him at home for the General Election.

The common, uninstructed backer follows the tipster. In the racing column of his favorite paper, or the circulars of the advertising men ("Foundered on Facts," as one of them once sublimely said in print), he meets his fate. If of the very lowest intelligence, he goes for three-penn'orth of inspiration to the packet of "certs" retailed (a smile thrown in) by the ladies of the smaller sweet-shops. Of course, not all backers are of this sort, or the bookmaker, instead of merely taking a trip to the ends of the earth, would be hitching his motor to the stars. There is the professional backer who seems really to live by racing, and in the main to thrive upon it. He bets, in the lively jargon of the Turf, "to money." Watch the shifting crowd around a big bookmaker, and you may perceive, close to him, a little knot of men who scarcely shift at all. On this warmest spot of the course, these men, from before the first race to before the last, miss not a detail of what happens. If there is "good money" to follow, they follow it; and—with the ups and downs of the riskiest business in the world—a few of these men contrive season after season to keep their footing. But the bookmaker, for his part, contrives season after season to take his expensive trip abroad. He can stand his occasional knocks from the "clever brigade," for this brigade also suffers its reverses. Neither trainer, nor owner, nor the best-informed of backers can tell what will happen when the tapes of the starting-gate have sprung; and, until the winning-post has been passed, the odds are more or less incalculably in favor of the bookmaker. Take the case of the best horse entered for a six-furlong sprint, and starting a red-hot favorite at odds on. The horse may be a little below his form on the morning of the race; he may be drawn for a bad place in the start; he may be frightened on his way to the post, or kicked by another horse at the post; he may get away badly; the going may be a trifle too hard or a trifle too soft for him; he may be bumped into at a critical point of the journey. Then there is the jockey. If the horse is a strong favorite, and owner and stable want him to win, we may take it that the services of a crack rider have been secured. The rider may be as keen to win as his employer, but an accident may shut him in between two other horses at the great moment of the struggle—and six furlongs are only six furlongs; or he may be a chit of a boy, beaten, through physical weakness, a short head on the post, by a steel-knit veteran at the game. This is a case in which everything is fair and straight, and the public is getting the best possible run for its money. But the owner is not always out to win; the stable is not always out to win; the jockey is not always out to win. There are secrets of the Turf deeper than diplomacy is ever mixed in, and a deluded public is rather often made to stand aghast at the result of a race in which the favorite figures among the "also ran." Be it what it may, a fair race or a "ramp," the chances rest not with the backer but with the bookmaker—the party who lays you the odds. It remains, however, that a certain number of astute and indomitable backers, who bet for a living, and have



learned the game as a dealer in corn or curios learns the markets, draw a fluctuating income from their dealings with the Ring.

But these moderately successful ones, with their ceaseless anxiety about winners and the fraction's move in the odds, are of less than no concern to the magnate of the Ring—so far, that is to say, as their speculations go. He welcomes them. They draw the horde of little punters in their wake.

These little punters, in their thousands and tens of thousands, are the victims often of the advertising sharps, but far oftener of the tipsters in the newspapers. If the facile, semi-literate trash of these men were no longer printed, if their ridiculous "selections" were suppressed, there would be little to write about what the purists on the subject call the evils of betting. For these little punters, who hardly ever see a race, and would not be a button the wiser if they did, transact their betting almost entirely by advice of the tipsters of the press; and with the passing of the tipster, this kind of gambling—enormous in its volume—would at once shrink to the merest nothing. Let us offer two small illustrations in point. A year ago, some deluded sportsman from the slums wrote to one of these sporting prophets, requesting to know how 5s. might be changed into a ton of coals. The tipster promptly took him on, made eightpence for him the next day by one of his most brilliant strokes, and the following day turned the whole five-and-eightpence into the Ring. Last week some other gambler, his fortunes in eclipse, entreated the same tipster to transform his remaining capital of £18 into £50. In three or four days, the tipster, putting the punter on his very best "selections," had reduced the £18 to fifteen shillings.

Let these two cases be multiplied. They are typical. It is thus that the money goes, thousands of times over, up and down the country, every week of the year. Rarely, indeed, can the Sporting Prophet tell the little punter "what will win"; but the Bookmaker (having safely invested his £30,000 winnings on the season) will send him word next week what the sky is like in some charming corner of the East.

#### THE PURPOSE OF YOUTH.

It is very well known that the higher animal in course of becoming retraces the evolutionary progress of its ancestors through lemurs, fishes, reptiles, and other preliminary orders. This recapitulation is usually held to cease at birth. Perhaps it continues with slow tread through the larval period of insects. But one may say almost without fancy that the caterpillar is pre-natal, and that the butterfly is *en ventre soi-même* in the shell of the chrysalis, for here takes place a complete re-making of the creature. It is not so in the case of the tadpole, also called a larva. Here is a living independent entity proceeding without sleep from fishhood to something higher, throwing away as hastily as it can the childish gills, and adopting the manly lungs even while they are more of a nuisance than a benefit, for who has not wondered at the loss of time entailed by the frequent need of coming to the top of the water to breathe?

The tadpole is not purely an ancestral form. It has quite clearly made some improvement of its own on the gifts of posterity, improvements that it does not hand on to the frog, but keeps to its own precious childhood, as perhaps our boys and girls have inventions and institutions that are never shared with the adult. At one stage it has below the mouth a pair of gummy glands with which it anchors itself to water-weeds. The mouth itself has horny lips, something like the beak of a bird. These organs belong exclusively to the tadpole, and disappear before it becomes a frog with thin lips, a large sticky tongue, and tiny needle-like teeth. "We have no reason to be sure," says Dr. Chalmers Mitchell (putting it no higher than that), "that these larval organs are legacies from the ancestor." Dr. Mitchell's Christmas lectures of last year on "The Childhood of

Animals" will be well remembered. He has now published a large book on the same subject, with those lectures as its core (Heinemann). It passes in review no inconsiderable part of the whole of animate creation, an immense number of instances leading up to the consideration of the phenomena of youth that are peculiar to man and the higher animals. What those phenomena are may hereafter be briefly seen. Obviously, there is all the difference in the world between a sober gormandising old caterpillar and a kitten or baby spending its time in playing and exercising its muscles and faculties for the serious life to come.

From the consideration of the tadpole, we pass to a still more interesting case. It is typified by the life-history of the ascidian or sea-squirt. Here the youth is an active swimming larva, "with a structure extremely like that of the lower vertebrates." This life of comparatively high endowment and promise is followed by a change into a hollow bag anchored for life to a rock, and sucking water in by one hole and blowing it out of another. Thus, the human moralist may say, sometimes the intelligent and ambitious Eton boy becomes a gouty, sedentary, bibulous, middle-aged man. The ascidian does this always. How do we account for the case ancestrally? "The most usual interpretation," says Dr. Mitchell, "is that the larva is in the main ancestral, and that the degradation of the adult is pure degeneration. . . . But it is also possible that their history has been different. . . . The swimming shape and the directing sense-organs may be new characters acquired for the purposes of the larva." May we be permitted to hope that this progressive youngster will lead up the whole ascidian race to the respectable status of vertebrate animals? It is little more than has been done by the axolotl, which, refusing to grow up into the salamander from which it sprang, carries through its whole existence in what was once the larval form.

There is something fascinating, to us whose lives are so different, in this existence of a larva so thoroughly independent that the "child" may solve its own difficulties in a manner often more wonderful than the expedients of the grown creature. We can understand the envy of the child who was reported to have come to the lecturer and asked whether it could not be arranged that boys and girls should live the life of caterpillars. "It would be so much more interesting," she said.

The essence of true grub-hood is that one's mother should have died before one was born. This does not hold in the case of the social bees and wasps, and no one envies their legless and anchored existence, glued in a cell, perhaps head downward, and fed by hired nurses. With the appearance of the mother who is a nurse, the child's scope for originality disappears, then reappears in greater force very much later on in the scheme of creation. Not only does she feed us till our eyes are open, till the fur grows, till we can walk, but she guides us if we are very high animals indeed, for months and years, teaching us slowly how to get our living when we are grown up, preserving us from experimental mistakes, rebuking us for atavistic instincts. That great asset, which has led the world for ages, and is still the complete guide of nine-tenths of its population, has seemingly to be completely eradicated from higher lives, though, as Mr. Mitchell says, "all instinct can be modified to a certain extent by experience, and there remains a strong instinctive side in intelligence."

With this extension of mother-care, there comes into the world a new principle in the life of animals, for which the word "youth" must be reserved, and not given to the beginning period of anything lower. Youth is not carrying on the business of life; it is not merely eating and growing after the manner of caterpillars. It is the time of practising and developing, and preparing for a great inheritance. It is the time of all times in the life of an animal of the higher orders for experimentation and inquiry after new things.

"Adult animals," says Mr. Mitchell, "generally decide at once as to whether an event which has engaged their attention is of a kind to neglect or of a kind requiring action. They do not show much curiosity, but, right or wrong, abide by their decision, and proceed with the business in hand. They have

stored up enough experience and have no special wish to learn anything new. Young animals, on the other hand, are intensely curious, and the process by which they fit themselves to their environment can be watched."

That is the business of the young animal. It is given abundant food, so that it may have abundant surplus energy with which to make ceaseless experiment with all its powers. South American monkeys have only two or three years of youth, baboons and other eastern monkeys have from three to eight years, the anthropoid apes from eight to twelve years, and man from fifteen to twenty years. These periods of adolescence are in direct ratio to the amount and complexity of the grey matter in the brain. So much time is needed to get so complex an organism into tune, to educate instincts by experiment, to enforce them or to supersede them with individual experience. It does not matter if youth seems to discover anything of value to the adult race. We may look for such results in physical qualities, and be always disappointed; mental qualities are not so easily gauged, and we can say that herein the boy is the father of the man. At least the author can, for the concluding sentences of his book are these:—

"The supreme duty of youth is to try all things, to experiment with everything, to be scatter-brained rather than concentrated. In due time the world will certainly close round and press each beginner of life in one direction, but he will meet the pressure most successfully who has remained young longest, and who has stored up the most varied experience."

If the world presses him to become an ascidian, he may yet remain a vertebrate.

## The Drama.

### THE CHARM OF SHAKSPERE.

"Twelfth Night." Produced by Mr. Granville Barker at the Savoy Theatre.

*Orsino ... ..	ARTHUR WONTNER
Sebastian ... ..	DENNIS NELSON-TERRY
Antonio ... ..	HERBERT HEWETSON
A Sea Captain ... ..	DOUGLAS MUNRO
Valentine ... ..	COWLEY WRIGHT
Curio ... ..	FRANK CONROY
*Sir Toby Belch ... ..	ARTHUR WHITBY
*Sir Andrew Aguecheek ... ..	LEON QUARTERMAINE
*Malvolio ... ..	HENRY AINLEY
Fabian ... ..	H. O. NICHOLSON
Feste ... ..	C. HAYDEN COFFIN
Olivia ... ..	EVELYN MILLARD
*Maria ... ..	LEAH BATEMAN HUNTER
*Viola ... ..	LILLIAN MCCARTHY

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER advances to his grand assault on the Old Shaksperian Producer much as the Bulgarians proceed to their successive blows at the prestige of the Old Turk. Obviously, the Old Shaksperian must surrender the ground of comedy; and must retreat on his massive defences of Tchataldja—his Hamlet, his Macbeth, his Othello—to be dislodged in turn from them in the hour when the audacious newcomer brings his heavy artillery into action. Those, indeed, who after the arrangement of "The Winter's Tale," had any doubt of Mr. Barker's conquest of Shaksperian comedy must yield to the obvious and triumphant fascination of "Twelfth Night." Here is Shakspeare at his easiest, the "sweetest Shakspeare" of Milton's phrase, unencumbered with love, sorrow, remorse, failure, perplexity, or so little encumbered as to be willing to play for your entertainment with them all. "Twelfth Night" is pure playfulness. The tone is graceful literary play, fed with music, and dying with it. The fun is not quite so graceful; it is pothouse fun, with a minor Falstaff for master of the revels. But that, too, moves delightfully through the humors of high and low life, and the middle life of the poor retainer and adventurer, so that as you sit and look on, you feel like the imagined audience of a story of Boccaccio—a highly-privileged and most royally entertained company, for whom, while these magic numbers flow, care and thought

\* Specially striking representation.

have ceased to exist. Everything is transformed from the exact semblance of life into the richness and strangeness of its poetic counterpart. Orsino is not a real, but a *dilettante* Duke, as Dukes (to be quite harmless) ought to be. Feste is no earthly clown, but an image of the spirit of capricious, light-hearted fancy just shading into melancholy reflection, which presides over the play. Lovers sigh, but no hearts are broken; rogues plot, but only in frolic, for the Ariel mood of the play governs the movement of all its characters.

Clearly, therefore, the stage representation of such a work should be light, swift, unencumbered with detail, reflecting the artifice of the original, and breathing its air of fine coquetry, of fun and half-cruel railery. And Mr. Barker and his company have achieved all these results, so that you can see Shakspeare not, as in the average English theatre, disguised in the actor's self-conscious and pompous exhibition of himself, in his measured elocution, in the stilted movement of complicated scenery, and the confused effects of over-done coloring in dress, but gay and unaccompanied, save by the light music of his dreams. With what effect on the audience? To relieve them at once of the weight of boredom that has sunk every Shaksperian producer who could not either summon to his aid a highly original and personal genius, or set the town agape at his extravagance. Thus, indeed, Shakspeare lives again, by virtue of scholarship and taste, a quick sympathetic fancy, above all by the resolve to let him be spoken as he wrote, and be played as in the main he and his fellow-actors chose to play. All is over at the Savoy in three hours, in a representation broken only by two brief intervals, and I do not believe that three hours of such unmeasured enjoyment are to be spent in any theatre in London.

Such a representation makes at once for due proportion in the *ensemble* and for individuality in the actors. Malvolio, for example, is not magnified into a grotesque; he is a tragic comedian, with a butler's throaty voice and upper servant's manner, frostily genteel in the earlier episodes, genteelly ridiculous in the later, and pathetic in the cruel bating scene, in which his dignity is turned upside down. Thus, Mr. Ainley, who seemed at one time sentenced for life as a hero of stage romance, finds a series of Shaksperian characters in which not only his natural force and dignity, but his intellectual and moral feeling for human life, find ample, though not exaggerated, expression. The same may be said of Mr. Whitby's wholly admirable Sir Toby Belch. Sir Toby is quite one of the most perfect of Shakspeare's minor characters. He is a roysterer and wine-bibber, a wit and fun-lover like Falstaff, and like him too, a bit of a rogue; but not a coward, and not without the semblance of a gentleman. I found myself both tickled and embarrassed by the amazing likeness of Mr. Whitby's voice to Lord Charles Beresford's; but when I could dismiss this trick of nature, I could enjoy to the full the rich and never gross comedy of his Sir Toby. And a tempered and not too drunken Sir Toby, again, gives ample scope to his foil and dupe, the foppish coward, Sir Andrew. This character can be played with delicacy because it is given its due chance in the general scheme of representation. Watch especially Mr. Quartermaine's admirable study of the vanity of authorship as Sir Andrew listens to the reading of his letter of challenge to Viola. And because Sir Andrew is kept in bounds, Maria's inventive impudence comes into proper play. And because there is no dawdling and no long waits, and Miss McCarthy was not a languishing Viola, but only a finely apprehensive and delicate one, the love scenes went with pleasant smoothness, and with no undue stress on their sentimentality. For the lovers are porcelain-lovers, no more real than the amorous Dresden China shepherdess in Hans Andersen's fairy tale. They fall into an ecstasy in an hour and out of it as soon; so, indeed, too much must not be made of them. If there was any error in emphasis, it was that the full quality of the entrancing music of the verse could not always be realised. In "Twelfth Night," Shakspeare breaks divinely into his most perfect melody; he is never over-strained; he writes



as if his work pleased him, and he smiled as he wrote. Therefore, Mr. Barker's search after ease and balance of production is a method well suited to "Twelfth Night." But here and there the stress on verbal beauties was slight, and I can imagine that, in the deeper and more poignant plays, something of the poetry might go. Mr. Hayden Coffin's singing preserved much of the tender, musing note, and beautifully closed the last scene.

An appeal to the eye is, of course, necessary to bring out the delicate workmanship of the play, and its rather languid æsthetic atmosphere, and here again the success is remarkable. Nothing elaborate is attempted in scenery; a conventionally chipped yew or box tree, some queer pink coloring in the columns of Olivia's summer-house, and some abundant gilding on the garden gates, suggest a great lady's town mansion, and nothing more. The dresses are more elaborate. Orsino's must be very rich and beautiful, for he is a Renaissance prince and poet-dandy, and so must be that of his page; while Olivia's black attendants are attired with the sombre magnificence to which the simple white background gives due significance. Each figure is a study in itself; but there are not many of them. Thus the eye is pleased and held, not gorged, as in the commonplace spectacle, while the ear, the fancy, and the intelligence are given their proper food, and the suggestion of dreamland, of a poet enjoying a golden but quite minor mood of fanciful creation, is never lost sight of. In charm, I have never seen any Shaksperian production which approaches this of "Twelfth Night," and it is a charm which the simplest can enjoy.

H. W. M.

## Present-Day Problems.

### THE PROSPECT OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY REFORM.

It is generally understood that the movement in favor of a University Commission has received a check. In any case, the memorialists whom the Chancellor turned away with comfortable words have not taken any further action, preferring to leave the appointment of a Commission to the logic of events. In the meanwhile, the immediate effect of the Chancellor's attitude has been to create a feeling of profound discouragement among just those members of the University who had tried to take his "memorandum" seriously. Their enthusiasm has been turned to cynicism. Some of them are deliberately abstaining from attendance at Congregation, or from assisting in what they regard as a ploughing of the sands. There is certainly little to encourage reformers in either the record or the prospects of "reform from within." A far-reaching reform which the Chancellor put in the forefront of his programme—the abolition of compulsory Greek—has been rejected by Convocation. What reforms the University has accepted have not been passed without serious modification. It cannot be said that either the Statute dealing with faculty reorganisation, or the Statute creating a Finance Board, carries out fully or adequately the principles set out in the Chancellor's memorandum. The Faculty Statute introduces certain changes in machinery, but it remains to be seen whether the spirit is willing; all that can be said is that the Statute tends in the right direction, but it may very well happen that it will leave things as they were.

The weak point of the Statute lies in the constitution of the General Board; there is no guarantee that Professors or Heads of Departments will have a place on it at all. In any case, it is quite problematic whether the Statute, as it now stands, will do anything material for "the more systematic and economical organisation of University and College teaching." The creation of a Finance Board offers better, but by no means assured, prospects. It is a reform in which the Chancellor was more personally concerned than in any other item of his programme, and may be said to constitute his most original contri-

bution to University Reform. There is, moreover, much to be said for the view that it is not only reasonable but expedient to give the new Board a fair chance. It is, in fact, the creation of a Finance Board that gave most color to the Chancellor's disposition to reject any overtures in the direction of a Commission at the present moment: he may well have regarded them as peculiarly inopportune, and indeed ungracious. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether the Board as actually constituted is likely to fulfil its "magnificent promise." Its merits are more considerable than might appear at first sight; the fact that it has only advisory powers may prove, in the end, to be not its weakness but its strength. But everything depends upon the energy and ability of its members, as also upon the co-operation of the Colleges. It may be doubted whether the Board has not a task beyond its power; in any case it would be difficult to exaggerate the magnitude or the difficulty of the problems which the Chancellor at all events conceives to lie before the new order of financial statesmen he has called into being. There are not a few who think that the creation of the Board may prove in the end to be the most decisive step taken towards a Commission; that, if its members really mean business, they will reach a situation out of which there can be no other way than a Commission. The real question is how far the new Board will attempt or succeed in the attempt to control not simply University but College finance.

If the record of "reform from within" is not very encouraging, the prospects of further reform may be said to be positively discouraging, and even, indeed, annihilating. The one gleam of light in the situation is the proposed reform of the theological degrees—a reform to which the Chancellor made sympathetic reference in his memorandum, but did "not put forward as a feature in any programme of immediate University reform." That the University is in sight of such a reform is owing to the liberal attitude and initiative of the theological professors, backed by the theological faculty. It is, of course, possible, though it is not at present anticipated, that Convocation may be called in to reverse the almost certain decision of Congregation. It may also be expected that before very long an attempt may be made to give effect to the Chancellor's pronouncement in favor of women's degrees. In the meanwhile, if we turn to the authorised programme of Council, a further instalment is offered in the shape of what are called constitutional reforms. If these are passed in their present form, then the less that is said of "reform from within" the better. They are worse than ludicrous regarded as "reforms"; they are for the most part dead. No attempt is made upon any of the lines indicated by the Chancellor to reform the constitution or limit the powers of Convocation; all that is proposed is to give its members increased facilities for voting. The proposed reform of Congregation, on the other hand, is rendered of no effect by punctilious and wholly unnecessary provisions for the safeguarding of vested interests, and it is said that an attempt will be made to reintroduce a merely residential qualification for membership. The proposal is that residence shall no longer be a qualification for membership, and that in future Congregation should consist of "the teaching and administrative elements" in the University and the Colleges. The principle of the reform is to restore Congregation to what the Chancellor showed was its original conception. If Congregation is to have a distinctive function in the constitution, it is certainly not its function to be "an epitome of Convocation," but to represent that organ in the constitution by which a clear and distinct expression can be given to academic opinion as such—that is, to the opinion of those members of the University who are actively engaged in its teaching and administration. It is of the utmost importance that this opinion should be known in an unadulterated form; it is not proposed that it shall be final. "It is not unreasonable," as the Chancellor very pertinently observed, "that the experts should have the first word in academic legislation, even if the last word be left to a wider constituency." But the result of safeguarding the interests of those members already qualified by residence only will be that for some



time to come the voice of the "reformed" will be confused with that of the "unreformed" Congregation. Moreover, it is quite unnecessary to stultify the operation of the reform in the manner proposed. If there had been any proposal to limit the veto of Convocation, there would have been real vested rights to safeguard; as it is, residential members of the University have unequalled opportunities of having the last—in many cases the first—word in legislation. All that the proposed reform would mean is that their influence would be transferred from the first stage—at which it is only a disturbing and irrelevant element—to the last stage, which will become all the more important. Why should the mere fact of residence give them a double advantage as against non-resident members of Convocation?

The proposed reform of Council—though it is regarded as the only really popular item in the whole programme of reform and has a speciously democratic aspect—is still more of a stumbling-block. It proposes to abolish the separate representation, not only of Heads of Houses (for which there is a strong case), but of what may be called the University, as distinguished from the College, Staff—that is, Professors and Readers, or the representatives of learning as such—and this time without any provision for "vested interests." Such a proposal is a significant and instructive commentary upon "reform from within." "The complaint that the Colleges still dominate the University," says the Chancellor, "is in the forefront of every call for University reform." The call has been responded to by the depression of a body which many people frankly regard as an excrescence on the real system of the University, and at best a luxury. The Professors (including the University staff generally) have no *ex-officio* place on the General Board of Faculties; they are now to be deprived of any *ex-officio* representation on the University Council. Would such a state of things be conceivable, still less endurable, in any other University? It is irrelevant to argue that Professors of the University would stand just the same chance as other members of Congregation of being elected "on their merits"; the point is that there would be no security that they would be represented at all. Moreover, it is just as important to enforce the duty as the right of Professors to serve on Council; and it will certainly not be rendered easier by reducing a perfect to an imperfect obligation. The chances are that the "simple" system of throwing open the entire eighteen places to M.A.'s of five years' standing will only result in a failure of proportional representation, and a consequent diminution in the authority and prestige of Council itself. The result would be, in fact, not only a less "eminent," but also (*pace* the Chancellor) a less representative, governing body. The fact that this should be regarded as an eminently popular proposal is a significant indication of the amount of heart and understanding that are being put into "reform from within."

It is hardly necessary to consider the nature and prospects of further reforms; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. It would be difficult to exaggerate the alternate depression and cynicism that these proposals have created. The most interesting, as well as, perhaps, the most formidable, proposals to come concern the question of a University Entrance Examination as a condition of matriculation; the proposed reform has not been rendered less difficult—some people think it has been rendered impracticable—by the retention of compulsory Greek.

In a careful and interesting speech before Convocation, the Vice-Chancellor dwelt, in a tone of official optimism becoming to the occasion, upon the more favorable signs of the times—in particular, on the way in which the marked success of the Tutorial Classes movement indicates a more excellent way of meeting the demands of working men for access to University teaching. It would not appear, however, that this is altogether the view of the Workers' Educational Association. He also dwelt, with justifiable pride—for his own College has been forward in good works—on the voluntary contributions of the Colleges to University purposes over and above their statutory obligations. But voluntarism is

a precarious and uncertain method of finance, and tends to be arbitrary, or at any rate unsystematic. If the Vice-Chancellor's speech was intended, as it has usually been taken to be, as an answer to the supporters of a University Commission, it can hardly be said that either they or the public will be satisfied with such scanty crumbs of comfort. It is not merely the case that internal reform has proved inadequate; there are—as is sufficiently indicated by the failure of any attempt to reform Convocation—inherent limitations to "reform from within."

GRADUATE.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE FLOGGING CRAZE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It has been a revelation to me to find from the correspondence in your journal and others, and from recent speeches and votes in the House of Commons, what a very limited progress has been made by modern ideas as to the treatment of criminals. It is still "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" with the majority of persons who have taken part in this controversy. "You are a brute, I'll be a brute too" was the bald, unabashed argument of cultivated men in the House of Commons. It was what you rightly call "the vindictive emotion" that governed those votes for flogging last week. Motives of retaliation and revenge are not to be wondered at when rough, uneducated men take the law into their own hands; but it is quite another matter for organised society solemnly to embody such ethics of punishment into its legal code.

I will not deal with the argument of those who claim that flogging is a deterrent of crime further than to remark that all the evidence is against that view; and that, if it be a proved deterrent, there are many other crimes from which we would like to deter men. But I would say a word about the false idea (as I regard it) that this form of punishment is justified because it is so richly deserved. No one denies the horrible and revolting nature of the crimes in question, but the problem is how to stop them, not how to satisfy society's *amour propre* by giving the offender as much as he deserves. I doubt if the State has any right to try and measure the heinousness of a crime, or the deserts of a criminal. Which of us would be fairly judged if it were left to our fellow-men to say what we deserved? Some of us would get more punishment, and many of us a good deal less, than our deserts. The most degraded blackguards, with a different environment and heredity, might have been virtuous citizens; perhaps even Methodist class-leaders. No; we had better not judge one another, and, therefore, not punish one another.

We are all agreed that these crimes must be stopped, and these offenders prevented, if the law can do it, from carrying on their admittedly abominable trade. Society must protect itself; but, as Edward Carpenter says, "there is a great difference between society protecting itself and society punishing a criminal. The whole attitude is different."

I may fairly be asked: How could these things be accomplished without the terror and torture of the cat-o'-nine-tails? Without presuming to dogmatise, let me say how it strikes me. Your offender is procuring girls; then put the girls out of his reach. That at any rate will be a sure deterrent. Keep him under lock and key, and surround him with influences directed to make an honest man of him; the principal one being steady, hard work, so arranged and enforced that the fruits of his labor will equal his cost to the State. With an indeterminate sentence and a well-organised prison life, he may be reformed and then released. If not, let him go on till he dies, doing useful and remunerative work for the State which he has so grossly injured and outraged. But, in my view, society has no right to put a lash on a man's back or a rope round his neck.—Yours, &c.,

W. P. BYLES.

House of Commons, November 20th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I do not intend to make any general criticism of your article "Back to the Lash," beyond saying I consider

it an example of misplaced sentiment; but I wish to convert one or two of its statements.

In the first place, I challenge you to name any offence more horrible than that of the procuring, seducing, or kidnapping of young girls for the purpose of making money out of their degradation. Even criminal assaults on children, terrible as they are, are not quite so terrible as that, either in character or in results. The one is a momentary outbreak of brutal passion; the other, and more terrible, is a cold-blooded, premeditated, passionless, and sordid crime, showing absolutely chronic and ingrained (not momentary or emotional) depravity. Moreover, the very worst that can happen to a victim of assault is physical death, infinitely preferable to the horror of the moral death and torture of the prostitute by compulsion.

I allow it is unfortunate that our recognition of the equality of the sexes is not thorough-going enough to permit of the flogging of procuresses. This, however, is no reason to abstain from flogging men. The weakness of the Bill in this respect should be removed by finding some tantamount punishment for women, such as the ducking stool or exposure in the pillory or stocks with shaven head.

So far from thinking that the act of flogging a procurer would degrade the flogger, I think that the task should be conferred as a reward upon the most deserving warder. He might receive a good conduct stripe for every criminal of this kind he flogged. I am, I believe, as sensitive as most men; but I think I could personally flog a miscreant of this class with a feeling of satisfaction and without any feeling of degradation.

The fact (if it be a fact) that the lash did not act as a deterrent in crimes of violence does not seem to me to have any necessary connection with this question. The crime of sudden and violent passion is committed when a man is, for the moment, a blind brute, oblivious of both past and future. It is often, if not generally, associated with drunkenness (the wife-beater), with half-wittedness, or with an almost sub-human nature (the negro ravisher). The procurer, however, is an intelligent and cool plotter, taking cognisance of all likely results. If among these likely results is a flogging, I believe him to be precisely the kind of man who would be amazingly anxious to avoid it.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

24, Belsize Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.  
November 14th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the demonstration in the London Opera House, Mrs. Nott Bower claimed that the Pass-the-Bill Committee had sent out some 100,000 leaflets. It would have been still more interesting if she had told us how many of the particular leaflet headed "Protest by the Rector of Heywood" have been, and will be circulated. From it I quote the following:—

"The Home Secretary stated in the House of Commons that during the twelve weeks ending May 31st last, fifty-four girls and young women were reported to the London Police as missing who had not yet been found. These were all under twenty-one years of age, and fifteen of them were under sixteen years old."

The calm assumption that every case of untraced disappearance in a town of six millions must be due to the White Slave Traffic is, perhaps, not more characteristic than the fact that weeks in this passage should apparently be months, the figures being as follows: Out of 1,118 girls between ten and sixteen reported as missing during the year, 16 (or 1.5 per cent.) were untraced; out of 2,676 women (over sixteen) missing, 136 (or 5 per cent.) were untraced ("Star," July 7th). Well might Mrs. Booth say, "Let us hear no more of exaggeration."

The main argument for the Bill appears to be two-fold: under the previous system it was impossible to get convictions; and, secondly, the punishment was not of such a nature as to be a deterrent. Perhaps it is "nerves," as the "Spectator" says, but I cannot grasp how the second can be known if the first is true.

Is it possible that little difficulties of this sort are inevitable in legislation based upon what Dr. Macdonald

calls "the faith which rises superior to every argument of reason"—a much nicer expression than "incurable mental sloppiness"?—Yours, &c.,

C. S.

Chiswick, November 20th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. McKenna's recent statement that "he was opposed to flogging generally, but an exception should be made in the case of an offence of a cold-blooded and premeditated kind," is somewhat strange in view of his own career at the Admiralty and the Home Office.

As First Lord he did his utmost to screen from the public the system, still prevalent in the Navy, of flogging young sailors with the cane for offences that certainly are neither cold-blooded nor premeditated. He persistently refused to grant an annual return of what the public surely has a right to know—the exact number of such punishments; and it was only by the equal persistence of Sir William Byles that it was discovered that the average is as high as 1,500, or nearly 30 per cent. of the "boys" in the fleet. Then, with regard to flogging under the Vagrancy Act. Mr. McKenna admits "a very remarkable increase" in these during the present year, but the facts are even more remarkable than he cares to explain. In December last he avowed himself satisfied that the extraordinary flogging powers given to magistrates at Quarter Sessions by this ancient Statute "are not in practice abused by them," and he added, in proof of this, that of all the "incorrigible rogues" sentenced during the three previous years only seven had been ordered to be flogged. Here was a plain hint to magistrates, which they were not slow to act upon; and now the total of seven flogging sentences in three years has been changed, under Mr. McKenna's jurisdiction, into twenty-three sentences in less than one year. Here, again, it cannot possibly be said that the offences, which are mostly "solicitation for immoral purposes," fall under the category of those callous crimes which, to quote Mr. McKenna's words, "ruin a fellow-creature, body and soul." Rather are these wretched youths themselves the victims of such cruelty.

Finally, the Home Secretary announces, as a proof that his administration "has not been marked by savagery," that there have been only twenty-nine prison floggings during the past year, as compared with an average of thirty-seven during the previous ten years. But why did he not state that the number, in the last year but one, had already fallen to twenty-three?

These are some of the results obtained by a Minister who is opposed to flogging "in general," but supports it in particular.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY S. SALT.

53, Chancery Lane, W.C.

November 16th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—THE NATION has so much influence among Liberal politicians that I hope you will give me space to put forward some consideration in regard to the use of corporal punishment in cases of procurement and of criminal and indecent assaults on young children which I think your article of last week overlooks.

First, then, surely our first care must be to prevent the crime; to protect the girl victim. Generally she is a daughter of the poor who have not the means we have of protecting our own children by nurses or governesses—often, too, she is wholly ignorant, and not infrequently, as you wisely point out, the victim of inadequate wages. To kill such a girl's body would involve hanging, with the approval of the entire community. Is it a less offence to kill her soul; to condemn her to a life of utter degradation in order that a man who won't earn an honest living by work may live in idleness, or because a man refuses to put any restraints on his passion?

I cannot believe that you really think so. Imprisonment to-day to many men is no deterrent. I have heard case after case where men have deliberately committed acts for the purpose of getting what to them are the comparative comforts and merely nominal work of our present prison

system. At the last Court of Quarter Sessions I attended there must have been a score of cases of men up for petty theft within six months or less of their coming out of prison for previous offences. Almost without exception they pleaded guilty, made no excuses, and appeared glad to return.

Corporal punishment, on the other hand, is a real deterrent; more than this, if restricted in use to this type of offence it has two most valuable results. First, it separates these offences from all others, and by showing in what utter abhorrence public opinion regards them it does much to make even the worst man realise they are morally impossible. A growing danger to-day is the decay of the sense of sin among men. Religious sanctions are weakening, and if, as Mr. Barnes proposed, "six months' imprisonment" is to indicate the public opinion as to the proper punishment for these offences, naturally many men will come to think they are not of much importance. Secondly, flogging very often is just the sharp stimulant which recalls the criminal to a true knowledge of his own position, and makes subsequent remedial treatment effective. Fear, as well as hope, is a real agent of moral reform by strengthening a weak will. Lastly, sir, I submit that excessive sympathy for the deliberate criminal is not a sign of national progress but of national degeneration.

The fear of "lacerating the delicate skin" of some of these ruffians springs from selfish, sentimental luxury, and is certainly not felt by the working classes, for I have seen a great hall packed with working men unanimously in favor of flogging for these crimes.—Yours, &c.,

H. J. TORR.

Morton Hall, Lincoln.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the great meeting on the White Slave Traffic Bill on Tuesday week one speaker only—and that a woman—had the courage and humanity to protest against the flogging clauses. I say courage because the temper of the crowded audience was one of savage enthusiasm for this method of torture. It is deplorable that such a platform, composed chiefly of distinguished women and leading Churchmen, should give its sanction to the increase of barbarous punishments.

No human being is so degraded that he cannot be still further debased, and what can flogging do but send its victims forth more brutal, more savage, more vindictive, to wreak their vengeance on the unhappy women on whom they prey.

It is estimated that the white slave trade employs at least as many women as men, and the crime of procuring is no less hideous in one than in the other. In the world-movement for the enfranchisement of women we claim equality for men and women before the law. Do we desire to see women flogged, or to degrade other women by condemning them to administer the lash?

The national conscience has been awakened by the revelations of the last few years. It is not unnatural that in the first heat of anger and horror some of us should cry out for savage punishment, for at all costs the traffic must be stopped. But let us, in the name of honesty, face the truth and apportion the blame. There are 80,000 prostitutes in London alone. The average life of these poor women is about five years. How many innocent young girls do we sacrifice every year to keep up the supply? This immense army is recruited chiefly from the ranks of the sweated industries; it is the only occupation for women, under our civilised conditions, in which the novice is certain of regular employment and good pay. But—to the everlasting honor of poor work-girls, be it said—in spite of hunger and want and misery, the voluntary victims are not enough, the demand far exceeds the supply, and the trade of entrapping girls has grown enormously of late. We can stop the trade the moment we stop the demand. Every woman who accepts for men a lower standard of morality than her own is, indirectly, an enslaver of girls. Every man who claims for himself and his kind a licence he would not grant to his wife or sister is, in like measure, a procurer. Society which rears its edifice of seamliness and virtue on a foundation of corruption and filth has taken preference shares in this infamous trade.

"Though you should deem your hands untouched of blood,  
Who in that fell arena played no part,  
Reaping the booty, with the thieves ye stood,  
Consenting, ye were murderers at heart."

—Yours, &c.,

J. Y. K. T.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Some of your correspondents' letters show some misunderstanding of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill and the agitation in support of it. The object of the Bill was not to introduce flogging (which exists already in the penal code) or to suppress prostitution by law, but to protect girls from being trapped by force or fraud and exploited for commercial profit.

The Pass-the-Bill Committee, which was the outcome of the general desire among women to secure this long-delayed reform, and which has organised the strong feeling in the country for its support, does not advocate flogging, and has published the fact. Women can only ask for legislation—they have no means of determining its nature. It is a significant illustration of the position of women that they can do all the work of publicity and organisation, bring to the House of Commons a great force and enthusiasm for the protection of girls, only to see it there transformed into enthusiasm for flogging. As Lord Curzon remarked at the Anti-Suffrage meeting at Glasgow, women either get nothing or get more than they want.

Mr. Massie thinks that suffragists should be satisfied because someone writes to him that "there is a woman behind every legislator," as if it were the M.P.'s sex, and not his being elected by ballot, which made him a representative. Women do not so much need women in Parliament as they need representatives responsible to them; and the anonymous lady "behind every member" has, it is to be supposed, been elected by the member himself, and is not in any way imposed on him by the choice of women in his constituency.

The course of this agitation shows very clearly that it is not enough for women to put power into the hand of the legislator, it is equally necessary to have some control over the way the power is used.—Yours, &c.,

KATHERINE VULLIAMY.

(Member of the Pass-the-Bill Committee.)

Maitland House, Barton Road, Cambridge.

November 21st, 1912.

[We regret that we have not space to print many other letters on this subject which we have received.—ED., NATION.]

## THE MENTAL DEFICIENCY BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In my letter to you, published this week, a quotation from the Mental Deficiency Bill, as to the proceedings before the judicial authority, should have read: "The person to whom the petition relates and the petitioner . . . may call any witnesses whose evidence they wish to tender." In the letter as printed in your columns the words in italics are omitted. They are in the original draft of my letter, but were omitted on copying.—Yours, &c.,

H. T. CAWLEY.

House of Commons, November 18th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is so much truth and common-sense in Mr. Leslie Scott's communication to last week's NATION, that I should like to emphasise once again the weak points in the arguments he uses.

Mr. Scott allows at the beginning of his letter that the so-called defectives range from "the complete idiot to the high-grade feeble-minded whose brain is comparatively complete," but beyond a few vague statements about an inability to resist "temptation and suggestion" he shows no clear method of dividing those who should be allowed freedom from those who should not. Mr. Scott's statement that a feeble-minded person is as easy to identify as a rhinoceros would hardly be substantiated by those experts to whom has already fallen the task of such identification.

Again, Mr. Scott pleads that he is only seeking to deal with the large number of cases in which "parents cannot, or will not, look after their children," but he fails to tell



us who is to decide whether a parent is or is not "looking after his child." Is the man who has a large family and is earning 20s. or 25s. a week looking after his children?

In another passage Mr. Scott states, perhaps truly, that deficiency occurs as frequently amongst the upper as the lower classes; this may be so, but the important point is that the law would press far more heavily on the lower classes than on the upper, and it seems almost inevitable that decisions of the most vital importance to the poor would have to be made by well-meaning but ill-chosen committees composed entirely of members of another class.

Lastly, Mr. Scott suggests that mental deficiency is "inherited, permanent, and transmissible." This statement is only true in any wide sense if we include amongst the mentally defective alcoholics, criminals, and a vast number of others whom it is practically impossible to separate from the normal—in fact, all those who may conceivably end in the brothel, prison, or workhouse. If, however, we give a narrower meaning to the words mentally defective, Mr. Scott's statement loses most of its importance. All who have studied the family trees of degenerate stocks will agree that mental deficiency does not always run absolutely through one stock, but is almost always found mingled with drunkenness, immorality, and many other kinds of abnormalities which are entirely outside the scope of this or any other Mental Deficiency Bill.—Yours, &c.,

CYRIL B. ANDREWS.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.  
November 16th, 1912.

## LIBERALS AND THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Hemmerde's appeal to Adam Smith is unfortunate for him. The following short extracts show Adam Smith's teaching on this subject:—

"When a certain portion of a produce is to be paid away for a tax, the farmer computes, as well as he can, what the value of this portion is, one year with another, likely to amount to, and he makes a proportionate abatement in the rent which he agrees to pay the landlord."

Again:—

"The more the inhabitant was obliged to pay for the tax, the less he would incline to pay for the ground; so that the final payment of the tax would fall altogether upon the owner of the ground-rent."

And again:—

"The more a man pays for the tax, the less, it is evident, he can afford to pay for the rent."

This fully supports my statement that the landowner, in the end, gets what the land is worth after the taxes have been provided for, and, getting only such residue, he has in effect paid the tax, and to make him pay again—as the new taxers propose—is to insist on double payment. Nothing contrary to Adam Smith's views can, I feel sure, be produced from Mill.

Mr. Hemmerde is not more fortunate in calling to witness the Prime Minister. Since the utterance which Mr. Hemmerde quotes, the great Budget has been passed, which, in principle, gives effect to what Mr. Asquith was contending for; only, unfortunately, the new taxes, contrary to what was universally expected, were swept into the Imperial Exchequer instead of going to the local treasuries. And since that speech, the Prime Minister has stated that any advance in land-taxing is not to be confiscation.

Mr. Hemmerde, in his last letter, writes: "But where I differ from Mr. Styring is that I do not agree with a system which allows landlords to monopolise all unimproved land values." By "unimproved land values" I suppose unearned increment is meant. I have carefully stated in every letter that it is essential that the community should reap the unearned increment, and am sorry Mr. Hemmerde should write as though this had escaped him.

Now let us analyse Mr. Hemmerde's shocking example. He says that at Hanley forty houses were built on an acre of ground worth £1,000, that they were let at a rent of £12 each, and assessed at £10 for rating purposes, and that the rates were 11s. 3d. in the £.

Mr. Hemmerde suggests that it would be fair to put one-third of the rates on to the landowner. On the authority

of Adam Smith, the landowner has already borne the rate, inasmuch as, but for the high rates, he would have been able to get a higher price for his land. As it is, he receives, on a £4 per cent. basis, £1 per year in respect of the £25 value of the ground plot of each house. On Mr. Hemmerde's suggestion, that he should pay one-third of the rate of £5 12s. 6d., he must pay £1 17s. 6d., so that all his income would be gone and he would be 17s. 6d. per house to the bad!

The ground-owner will, as a rule, have had to pay a high price for his land. Why should he be treated differently from the investor who has bought, say, Midland Deferred Stock, which would yield the same return of income? It is unnecessary to import into the argument the more or less speculative stocks Mr. Hemmerde refers to. There are many stocks in which to invest almost as torpid as land itself.

Lest Mr. Hemmerde should urge that I have no remedy for his hard case, I make the following observations:—Hanley is an unusually highly rated place. In the rates of 11s. 3d. is 4s. in the £ or more for cost of education and maintenance of the poor. These are mainly national burdens, and should be borne by the Imperial Exchequer. As to a considerable part of the remaining rate, the occupiers who have the control of the expenditure through their representatives have probably been reckless, and are now paying the penalty.

If the wage of the occupier is, as Mr. Hemmerde states, only £1 per week, it is far too little, and one of two things should be done—either a considerably higher wage should be paid, and the price of the goods proportionately increased; or, if the goods produced will not bear a higher price, it is one of those industries not in the interests of the nation worthy of being carried on, and the sooner the labor is diverted into more profitable channels the better it will be for the nation. If the workers are to be supplied with cheap houses by either a tax on land or any other form of tax, it would in effect be assisting to provide cheap labor for that particular industry at the taxpayers' cost.

I note what Mr. Hemmerde says about "my tears," and have only to reply that two wrongs don't make one right. If we are to ameliorate the condition of the worker he refers to, with which I am in full sympathy, let us do it by equitable proceedings, and not by confiscating the property of any particular class.

The logical conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Hemmerde's reply to Mr. Fraser is that he considers landowners to be very undesirable people, and that they should be dispossessed with scant ceremony. This, as far as it goes, is the doctrine of the extreme Socialists, only they are not content with land, but wish to include all other classes of property as well.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT STYRING.

Brinkcliffe Tower, Sheffield,  
November 18th, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I, through your columns, invite Mr. Hemmerde to answer a question as to a point which puzzles a good deal not only myself but friends whom I have consulted?

I will assume, for the sake of argument, that A, who invests in ground rents, should be taxed more than B, who invests in industrial stocks, because a landowner is "a drag upon the production of wealth," while the other is "assisting in the production of wealth," and will put aside the obvious criticism that what the landowner paid for when he bought may have been nine-tenths improvements made by his predecessor in title and only one-tenth prairie value, whereas the industrial-stockowner may have bought shares in a mine, representing almost wholly unimproved land value. But I want to ask this question, referring not to hypothetical equities in Utopia, but to practical politics in England in 1912: A, let us say, died in 1908, before, that is, he was affected with notice that a landowner was regarded by the Liberal Party as *caput lupinum*. He left ground rents bought for £10,000 at twenty-five years' purchase, bringing in to his widow £400 a year. B died at the same time, leaving £10,000 invested in industrial stocks, also

bringing in the same revenue. May I ask Mr. Hemmerde to answer, briefly, whether—and, if so, to what extent—he proposes to differentiate the taxation between these two cases?

I think a good many of us are disposed to admit that, in the abstract, there would be a great deal to be said for differentiation between land and other forms of property, and, at the same time, are unable to see how it is practicable to differentiate to-day, consistently with equity and due respect for a situation acquired by centuries of prescription. —Yours, &c., W. M. A.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.  
November 18th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If "Tax the Landlord" is to be the battle-cry for our next campaign, let us hope that it will stand the test better than "Tax the Foreigner" did. Certainly, one would need to have a better instance of injustice to be remedied than that given by Mr. Hemmerde. Apart from the amount per £ of the rates, there is nothing much wrong in the figures he gives. A gross return of 6 per cent. cannot be regarded as extortionate when it is remembered that it must cover (1) cost of keeping the house in good letting condition; (2) possible failure to let year in year out; and (3) provision for rebuilding at the end of a certain term of years.

Suppose the basis of taxation shifted as suggested by Mr. Hemmerde, and the occupiers' rates reduced from £5 12s. 6d. to 6s. 3d., by whom is the deficiency of £5 6s. 3d. to be made up? If by the landlord, is it conceivable that he will continue letting the cottages at £12? And if he cannot shift the burden back to the occupant by an increase of rent, what is there to encourage the building of more and better houses? Obviously, if the cottages in question were occupied by the owners as one would like to see them, the total amount of taxation and rating would be payable by the occupants whatever way they might be levied.

Then, again, on the assumption that the basis of rating is shifted as proposed—namely, 6s. 3d. paid by the occupier and £5 6s. 3d. by the owner of the land value—would it be fair to state the result in this way? The rent of £12 may be taken as made up of £1 10s. for ground rent and £10 10s. for interest on building cost. The latter being expenditure on improvements is to be freed from rating, so that the owner of the land drawing £1 10s. for ground rent is to be liable for £5 6s. 3d. of Land Tax, or 350 per cent. There must be something wrong with this, and if Mr. Hemmerde would give us the double entry, instead of being content to state the result *qua* occupant, I, for one, should be grateful to him.

Is it sufficiently realised how very small a proportion of the cost of a house is represented by the price of the land? In the case given by Mr. Hemmerde it is only 12½ per cent. Suppose the land had been obtained for nothing, and the cost of the building as beneficial expenditure were exempt from rating, by whom would the burden of £5 12s. 6d. per cottage be paid?

I am a land reformer, but I fail to see how reform can be secured by taxation which I conceive to be no more than a rough-and-ready way to recover the cost of expenditure, presumably beneficial to the community. Improve the system by all means, so as to ensure that no one deriving benefit from communal expenditure shall escape his fair share of the burden; but reform, so far as taxation is concerned, must, for economic reasons, end there, and social reform should, as I said in my former letter, be provided for by legislation.—Yours, &c.,

D. L. COTTON.

Edinburgh, November 18th, 1912.

### THE VIRTUES OF WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The recent speech of Lord Roberts has at least this merit—that it unmasks the true position of the conscriptionists, and shows their real purpose to be aggressive and predatory. But the speech of Mr. Churchill is a far more serious matter, as showing the mind of an active member of the Cabinet. He is reported to have asked: "Who was the man who was false enough to say that martial

virtues did not play a vital part in the health and honor of every people?"

It seems that we are, then, to admire killing for its own sake, no matter whether the cause be good or bad, while the expression used would imply that a man is "false" if he dares to express a view opposed to that of Mr. Churchill. Nevertheless, I, for one, do utterly deny these claims on behalf of war. What are the real sentiments and deeds underlying the magniloquent expression, "martial virtues." Men have become so filled with the diabolical passion of hate, that they fire shells to tear and mangle the bodies of their fellow-men, leaving them to die in lingering agony; they drive swords and bayonets into each other's bodies, and even finish the hideous business with tooth and nail, like wild beasts. These are some of the fruits of the "martial virtues," and this, too, in the name of Him who said "Love your enemies," "Overcome evil with good," and "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." Not a secondary matter, be it observed, but the very essence. We do not yet know what will result from this war; but Mr. Churchill appears to contemplate the possibility of England going forth again to still greater carnage, led by another Marlborough, with his "martial virtues." One thing alone is sure—a corrupt tree will not bring forth good fruit.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL.

13, Charlotte Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

## Poetry.

### AMOR VINCIT —.

Or all that life might haply hold—  
The soldier's cross, the victor's bay,  
The triumph of the laureate's lay,  
Or, higher still, the might to mould

By thrilling tongue a nation's ire,  
To such stern stuff as beats for aye  
The life out of a tyrant's nay  
With Celtic claymore's stroke of fire;

Or, moving in a wider ken,  
Where gold is deemed omnipotent,  
With this to build the miner's tent,  
Pavilion'd o'er the souls of men.

All this were mine to win or do,  
Or mightier movement far than this,  
Ambition had no height amiss  
For me to climb or find anew,

Had not thy lips upon the scroll  
Pressed closingly love's burning seal,  
And all life's mooted tale of weal  
Went at one kiss from out my soul.

Again—to colder pulse than mine  
Mail'd honor's clasp, wealth's purple gown,  
Or Duty's isolated crown  
The tumults of my heart resign.

Thine, only thine, to whisper still  
Through clinging dusk and clasping dawn,  
And closer still as closer drawn  
Through shortening Day to Night, until

Stand Death's affronting legions nigh  
To smite my soul for this keen bliss—  
Oh! stifle with a final kiss  
The heart's involuntary sigh.

R. C.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The South Pole: An Account of the Norwegian Expedition in the 'Fram.'" By Roald Amundsen. Translated by A. G. Chater. (Murray. 2 vols. 42s. net.)
- "Recent Events and Present Policies in China." By J. O. P. Bland. (Heinemann. 16s. net.)
- "Character and Life: A Symposium." Edited and arranged by Percy L. Parker. (Williams & Norgate. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Land that is Desolate: An Account of a Tour in Palestine." By Sir Frederick Treves. (Smith, Elder. 9s. net.)
- "The Life of the Spider." By J. H. Fabre. Translated by A. T. De Mattos. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)
- "Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans. 9s. net.)
- "A Modern History of the English People." Vol. I. 1880-1898. By R. H. Gretton. (Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Under the Yoke: A Romance of Bulgarian Liberty." By Ivan Vazoff. (Heinemann. 6s.)
- "Les Origines du Roman Réaliste." Par Gustave Reynier. (Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Madeline au Miroir." Roman. Par Marcelle Tinayre. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Die auswärtige Politik der ungarischen Revolution, 1848-49." Von Wilhelm Alter. (Berlin: Paetel. M 3.)

THERE is an undeniable charm in being able to enter into an author's intimate moods and ideas either through the medium of his familiar correspondence or the note-books which were his daily companions, and in which he jotted down his thoughts as they arose fresh in his mind. "The Note-Books of Samuel Butler," which have been edited by Mr. Henry Festing Jones, and published last week by Mr. Fifield, are a notable addition to this class of literature. Even when—as is the case with the four bulky volumes of Southey's "Common-place Book" or Mrs. Wodehouse's selections from Matthew Arnold's "Note-Books"—these books are made up of extracts that impressed the writer in the course of his reading, they reveal something of his personality and of his tastes. But when, like Coleridge's "Anima Poete," or Pascal's "Pensées," or these "Note-Books" of Samuel Butler, they are the store-houses from which he drew, or intended to draw, material for his published works, they are all the more welcome.

ALTHOUGH they do not really belong to the note-books proper, Mr. Jones has included what he calls "the germs of 'Erewhon' and 'Life and Habit,'" and these will have a special interest for many readers. The exciting cause of both books was, of course, Darwin's "Origin of Species." When the book reached Butler he was living in New Zealand, "eighteen miles from the nearest human habitation, and three days' journey on horseback from a bookseller's shop." However, it led him to write a philosophic dialogue, a literary *genre* which he afterwards described as "the most offensive form, except poetry and books of travel into supposed unknown countries, that even literature can assume." This appeared in the New Zealand "Press," and was followed by a letter, called "Darwin and the Machines," and an article, "Lucubratio Ebria," in which we see the first outline of one of the most famous passages in "Erewhon." A letter to a friend, also printed by Mr. Jones, gives the first sketch of "Life and Habit," so that we are enabled to compare these works as their author first conceived them with their developed and final form.

A GOOD many of Butler's notes deal with literary criticism, though he thought that "critics generally came to be critics by reason not of their fitness for this but of their unfitness for anything else," and held that books should be tried by a judge and jury as though they were crimes, and that counsel should be heard on both sides. On the debated question of subject and treatment, he believed that "no treatment can make a repulsive subject less repulsive. It can make a trivial or even a stupid subject interesting; but a really bad flaw in a subject cannot be treated out." "A man's style," he says, "should be like his dress—it should attract as little attention as possible"; and he is severe on "men like Newman and R. L. Stevenson, who seem to have taken pains to acquire what they call a

style as a preliminary measure—as something that they had to form before their writings could be of any value." He "never knew a writer who took the smallest pains with his style and was at the same time readable," but a man "ought to take a great deal of pains to write clearly, tersely, and euphemistically." And this is his judgment of one of the heroes of modern votaries of style:—

"Mr. Walter Pater's style is, to me, like the face of some old woman who has been to Madame Rachel and had herself enamelled. The bloom is nothing but powder and paint, and the odor is cherry-blossom. Mr. Matthew Arnold's is as the faint sickliness of hawthorn."

SEVERAL other literary judgments are scattered through the note-books. The Epistles of St. Paul, "except here and there, are very uninteresting," while the Psalms "are poor and, for the most part, querulous, spiteful, and introspective into the bargain. Mudie would not take thirteen copies of the lot if they were to appear now for the first time—unless, indeed, their royal authorship were to arouse an adventitious interest in them." "Gulliver's Travels" enchanted him, but he had to give up "Joseph Andrews" as putting him out of all patience, and Fielding, in general, "is not only long, but his length is made still longer by the disconnectedness of the episodes that appear to have been padded into the books." Butler had a hearty dislike for Tennyson, as is seen from the following quotations:—

"Talking it over, we agreed that Blake was no good because he learnt Italian at sixty in order to study Dante; and we knew Dante was no good because he was fond of Virgil; and Virgil was no good because Tennyson ran him; and as for Tennyson—well, Tennyson goes without saying.

"We were saying what a delightful dispensation of Providence it was that prosperous people will write their memoirs. We hoped Tennyson was writing his. [1890.]

"We think his son has done nearly as well. [1898.]"

Meredith is not forgiven after a space of twenty-eight years for having, when reader to Messrs. Chapman & Hall, advised the firm not to publish "Erewhon," nor Andrew Lang for having said that Butler's humor was "forced." To the latter Butler retorts: "I should not myself say that Andrew Lang's humor would lose by a little forcing."

IT is known that Butler failed to earn a living wage by his pen. An analysis of the sale of his books, which he made in 1899, is a sad commentary on the intelligence of the book-buying public. The only volumes on which he made a profit were "Erewhon" and "Life and Habit," and though 3,842 copies of the former had been sold, his gain on it only amounted to £69 3s. 10d. Of "Life and Habit" 640 copies had been disposed of, bringing to the author £7 19s. 1½d. The other twelve books which he had published by that date were produced at a loss, and cost him almost £780, so that on his first fourteen volumes he was over £700 out of pocket. But this result did not discourage him. He felt that he was writing for posterity, and thought his money well spent; and he contrasts his own lot with that of others who had no resources. "Is it not likely," he asks, "that many a better writer than I am is squashed through want of money?"

THE note-books contain a long list of "enchanted cigarettes," as Balzac called those projects of an author which, for one reason or another, are never carried out. Among Butler's were a collection of the letters of people who have committed suicide, and of those who only threatened to do so; a description of "a world exactly, to the minutest detail, a duplicate of our own, but as we shall be five hundred, or from that to twenty thousand, years hence"; a divorce novelette, in which the hero and heroine are married so as not to forfeit property under an uncle's will, and, after many obstacles, are divorced, and live happily apart ever afterwards; "a story about a free-thinking father who has an illegitimate son, which he considers the proper thing; he finds this son taking to immoral ways—*e.g.*, he turns Christian, becomes a clergyman, and insists on marrying"; an account of the Complete Drunkard who would not give money to sober people—"he said they would only eat it and send their children to school with it"; and several other plans for articles, essays, and stories in Butler's vein of ironic humor. Indeed, the note-books are packed with good things from cover to cover, and they make up what amounts to a fresh and striking work from Butler's pen.



## Reviews.

## A YOUNG MAN'S POET.

"The Poetical Works of George Meredith." With notes by G. M. TREVELYAN. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE middle-aged usually suppose that to be "young" means to have the same tastes and enthusiasms they had once themselves. This is rash, as anyone may soon discover, by reviving his own youthful admirations in the presence of his juniors. To be young in one generation is certainly not the same thing as being young in another. Yet youth has certain tendencies in common; it has its own predicaments and susceptibilities, and to these the poetry of Meredith must appeal, so long as his ideas have not fallen too far behind the times.

Perhaps this has already happened; the writer does not know; but fifteen, ten, years ago Meredith's poems meant much to the then young generation; his ideas were inspiring to them. It is from the point of view of those who were indubitably young at the very end of the nineteenth century that this review of the latest and completest edition of his poems is written.

What a covetable possession this book would have been! In the first place, it has been annotated in the most judicious manner by Mr. George Trevelyan (it is no easy task to be so brief, clear, and pointed in notes); and, in the second, the book contains nearly every poem Meredith has written. The satisfaction of possessing the complete works of a favorite author was adequately, if unsympathetically, expressed by Lord Melbourne, when he exclaimed, on hearing of the death of Crabbe: "I am always glad when one of these fellows die, for then I know I have the whole of him on my shelves." Those who deplore the inclusion in such editions of inferior work which the author himself condemned, are more often wrong than right; they are certainly wrong when the poet has wind enough in his sails to carry extra ballast. But complete editions are not for everybody. They are for close admirers, who have caught the infection of the writer's spiritual interests, not for those who do not know him yet; and they are certainly not for critics.

It is not true that the most ethereal, the most ecstatic, the most idyllic poets appeal more to youth than those who find their beauty in less radiant realities. This may have been the case with some young generations; but it has certainly not been the case with all, nor is it natural that it should always be so. Meredith is a poet likely to appeal to many in each young generation for contrary reasons. The young are inevitably much preoccupied with two subjects—with love and with philosophy. It is absolutely necessary for them to get some conception of their relation to the universe, and also some idea of what can be made of their own passions. Questioning and venturing, no doubt, resolve at last into a more or less passive process of getting used to life, and passions and desires accommodated or snuffed out; but as long as any condition worthy to be called youth persists, so long is hope alive in everyone—rebellious or wistful, as the case may be—that there are magnificent stakes to be played for in life, and that something admirable, not to say astonishing, can be made out of that mixed stuff each feels himself to be. It follows, therefore, that a didactic poet who can invest his judgments with beauty appeals first and foremost to the young; not necessarily to the artists among them (those whose impulse is to create beauty will find in beauty already created their best inspiration, whether it is associated with thought or not), but to the majority of each fresh generation. The interpretations of such a poet, and the values he affixes to emotions, must suit the times; but granted they do, by combining the rôles of thinker and artist, he will probably kindle most auditors among the young. What matter if he is difficult! To get at his meaning, they will read and re-read poems which to less ardent curiosity seem desperately indigestible; they will bring a jemmy and dark-lantern to his obscurest passages; nor will the swiftest allusion seem too elusive to one who has caught the gleam of a revelation across a page—hints will suffice him—

"Show him a mouse's tail, and he will guess,  
With metaphysic swiftness, at the mouse."

Meredith has found such readers by the hundred, and in their ears the assertions of critics that "he is not

of the centre," that the elucidation of his poems is as tedious to the mind as oakum-picking to the fingers; that they are written in shorthand, if not in downright cipher, sound like the mumblings of Struldbruggs, or the peevish petitions of the Mr. Woodhouses of literature, for a smoother and warmer gruel.

His themes are precisely the matters most urgent to them—how to make the most of this extraordinary agglomeration of feelings called being in love; how some kind of reconciliation between Nature's beauty and her laws can be reached and maintained; how, penned in by practical circumstances, room can be found for youth's herd of passions, hopes, and desires—a problem which soon presses, raising dismay only paralleled, perhaps, by Noah's feelings while watching the procession of beasts wind slowly towards the limited accommodation of the Ark; and, lastly, how to learn to face the fact that the best things do not last, without losing faith either in them or in life itself.

This last theme was one upon which Meredith was never tired of enlarging. He loved his own poem, "The Day of the Daughter of Hades," because it taught, in picture and story, that even a day upon earth was good, and the beauty of earth only the more significant to one who, like Skiägenia herself, must return to darkness. Death and destruction, the Scriptures say, have heard the sound of wisdom with their ears; it was Meredith's theme that only he who has been close up to them can catch the music of energy and joy that rolls through all creation. He is essentially a religious poet, and a religious poet who appeals especially to those who, having no definite religion, feel most uncomfortable when they are pressed to affirm anything about the nature of the universe or the soul, and yet whose deepest instinct it is to be loyal to life. "God is not in his Heaven (indeed, that is the last place where a God whom I could worship would be); but all is right with the world.

No; perhaps not all—but enough. It is enough; it is enough." Some such words express the creed or no-creed of those to whom Meredith is a most satisfying poet. How sustaining he is in great calamities, the writer does not know; he should suspect he did not satisfy; chiefly because it is, above all, the mood of triumph that he was born to express. Only when you had struggled up out of the dark defile would he meet you again; then there is hardly a poet whose greeting would be more radiant and inspiring. He is the poet of courage; but of the kind of courage which is inseparable from hope.

When one comes to think of his work as a whole—prose as well as poetry—courage seems his favorite virtue. It is the quality he relishes so immensely in his amazing and often preposterous aristocrats; it is what he praised above tenderness and self-sacrifice, to the astonishment of the Victorian world, in women. His laughter, even, is rather the shout of a victor over squeamishness and vanity than the laughter of a humorist. Vanity, which he often calls egotism, he detested, because it was incompatible with passion as he conceived it must be to be worthy of the muse. Love must be noble strength on fire, or he flew at it and tore it to pieces. As an amorist (and no greater has written in prose), he detested the elements which most commonly and insidiously corrupt the passion he believed in—vanity and sentimentality. It is against sentimental egotism in relation to Nature, and to the whole order of the world as science reveals it, that most of his didactic verse is directed. His attitude towards Nature is one of acceptance; so far, it is religious; but, in his case, acceptance is not founded upon belief that if man understood, he would see that Nature satisfied his desires—

"He may entreat, aspire,  
He may despair, and she will never heed.  
She drinking his warm sweat will soothe his need,  
Not his desire."

When the history of Victorian literature comes to be written (hitherto we have only had attempts), one point will surely be brought out: that Meredith was the first poet to assimilate into his poetic conception of the world the idea that death and battle is the law under which all living things exist and come to their proper perfection. By poetic assimilation, one means that the beauty which the poet understood and expressed is based upon that law. Other poets—Tennyson, for example—glanced at the conclusions of biologists; but, for their inspiration, they turned away

to pre-Darwinian conceptions of the order of Nature. Meredith was the first poet whose sense of beauty sprang directly from the contemplation of Nature as "red in tooth and claw," and from an acceptance, not only of man's mortality, but of the passing of all good things. His poetry is a psalm of affirmation in the face of these facts. In one of his letters, when he was near upon eighty, he wrote: "I can imagine that I shall retain my laugh in Death's ear, for that is what our Maker prizes in men." Fifty-four years before he had written:

"Great Mother Nature! teach me like thee  
To kiss the season and shun regrets.  
And am I more than the mother who bore,  
Mock me not with thy harmony!  
Teach me to blot regrets  
Great Mother! me inspire  
With faith that forward sets  
But feeds the living fire,  
Faith that never frets  
For vagueness in the form.  
In life, O keep me warm!  
For what is human grief?  
And what do men desire?  
Teach me to feel myself the tree,  
And not the withered leaf.  
Fixed am I and await the dark to be.  
And O, green bounteous Earth!  
Bacchante Mother! stern to those  
Who live not in thy heart of mirth;  
Death shall I shrink from, loving thee?  
Into the breast that gives the rose,  
Shall I with shuddering fall?"

That passage from "The Spirit of Earth in Autumn" expresses the philosophy which was the life-breath of Meredith's poetry. It shows that it contained a religious affirmation. Those lines, "Teach me to feel myself the tree" (to identify my will and desires with yours), "and not the withered leaf" (not to judge life by the failure of my own hopes and desires, doomed inevitably), are the essence of religious emotion. And once Meredith had embraced this faith, vague enough in form, he kept his ear alert for every message, giving a clue to practical conduct, his interpreting imagination might divine in Nature. It is this part of his work which is perishable stuff. In those poems he becomes too much the schoolmaster abroad, bent on tagging instruction and exhortation to every scene and incident. A thrush tapping a snail, a night of frost in May, a cutting wind, everything he perceives turns to homily. We may welcome this when we are young and prodigiously interested in the improvement of our own characters; but it is the insight of the poet rather than the hearty confidence of the moralist which, in the long run, affects us most. The moralist in Meredith has often cramped his receptivity; he is often insufficiently passive in attitude towards what he describes, to write his best. There is a monotony of strenuous passion in his work. His aim is often to strike some spark out of objects which might kindle a useful fire of enthusiasm rather than to exhibit their beauty. But it is not for those on whom such sparks have fallen, even though they only lit a blaze of straw, to gird at him for that. Setting aside the didactic element in his work, he has illuminated unnoticed beauties and written memorable things which we can quote—

"For proof that there, among earth's dumb,  
A soul has passed and said our best."

To return to what is the theme of this restricted commentary upon Meredith's poetry. He is a poet for the young. His delight in physical vigor, his laughter which is a sudden glory, his pre-occupation with the question: How fine characters are made? his praise of courage, his abounding hope, his respect for thought, his delight in health, and the unfailing seriousness with which he treats the passion of love, make him youth's poet. His very difficulty makes his verse companionable; his hard sayings are good to ruminate, and as satisfying as a crust of good bread on a long day's walk. Meredith makes a welcome third when two friends travel on foot together. His thought breeds discussion; they can unpack his phrases together; he suits the tramping mood; his words bring Nature nearer and companions closer. It is in the light of such memories this review is written, when

"To either then an untold tale  
Was life, and author, hero, we;  
The chapters holding peaks to scale,  
Or depths to fathom, made out glee;

For we were armed of inner fires,  
Unbled in us the ripe desires;  
And Passion rolled a quiet sea,  
Whereon was Love the phantom sail."

#### MR. GEORGE MOORE'S APOSTOLATE.

"Hail and Farewell!"—II. "Salve." By GEORGE MOORE.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THERE are some who can forgive Mr. George Moore his impropriety for the sparkle of his malice. There are others who can almost forgive him his acrid truthfulness for his impropriety. The second, like the first, part of "Hail and Farewell!" is sufficiently disfigured by unsightly passages to be sure of a good deal of the wrong sort of appreciation. It will also repel, unnecessarily, many sensitive and intelligent readers, for there are things in the book which, in our opinion, are a sheer degradation of literature. In an early chapter, for instance, there is an episode in which a cat suffering extreme torture is grossly depicted. If this is written seriously, it is ludicrous; if it is written comically, it is heartless. Possibly, Mr. Moore would disclaim any ulterior motive, either serious or comic, in describing the pain and death of the cat. He may hold the simple faith that, as the thing actually happened, he has the best of all possible justifications for giving it a place in literature.

"I am an Objectivist, reared among the Parnassians," he declares in the present volume, explaining his comparative want of interest in Wordsworth and Coleridge; and, as Mr. Francis Eccles once pointed out in a clever essay, it was a vice among some of the "secondary followers" of Parnassianism that they "practised the merely acquirable faculties of expression upon literally translating brute fragments of experience, chosen with an impartiality very near indifference." Mr. Moore too often gives us a literal translation of brute fragments of experience. He has not yet learned the lesson that life is not to be translated literally; or, at least, that, if it is, it is work for medical authors and compilers of Blue-books, not for men of letters. However full and free we may wish to see the artist's version of life, literal is the one thing it must on no account be. To be literal is to parody, as anybody will realise who has ever read—or written—an ordinary schoolboy's translation of a page of Corneille.

Mr. Moore selects his facts—selects them at times, it may be thought, with an unpleasant bias, as in his account in the present volume of what he found in the Old Testament. The truth is, he has the destructive eye of the satirist, and is consequently inclined to portray men by dwelling on their flaws rather than on their virtues. Among all the portraits of Irish "revivalists" of different sorts in "Hail and Farewell!" the only unsuccessful one is that of "A. E." This is because "A. E." is the one solitary character in the book whom Mr. Moore regards with something like reverence, and whom he therefore tries to portray through his virtues. Mr. Yeats, Mr. T. P. Gill, Mr. Edward Martyn—he regards none of these with reverence, but gives us comic portraits of each of them, which make his book a living thing. Egotist though he is, he does not regard even himself with reverence, and in the result we get one of the most puzzling and exquisite bits of comic self-portraiture in English literature. Mr. Moore is, as we have said, an egotist—a "hard-boiled egotist," Gilbert might have called him.

His attempt to picture himself as an apostle suddenly blinded by a vision "on the road to Chelsea," and sent to Ireland on a mission to revive Irish literature through the Irish language, leads us into a beautifully incongruous world of inverted Quixotry. One cannot be surprised that Mr. Moore, in the accoutrements of Don Quixote, was a somewhat suspected figure among Gaelic Leaguers when he first offered them the valor of his pen. "Your subscription will be received gratefully," said the Vice-President of the League, moving away to avoid further interrogation, when Mr. Moore asked him for his opinion on his great mission. Similarly, when Mr. Moore went round to the Gaelic League office to announce that he would write an article for the official journal, one of the two young men who received him—"rough-looking men, peasants, no doubt"—

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instead of effusively welcoming the idea, cautiously replied:—

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Cold-shouldered and discouraged, is it any wonder that Mr. Moore ultimately came to the conclusion that the language revival was a poor thing, and would never lead to the literary revival for which he had so ardently hoped? It was suddenly revealed to him that Catholic countries were hopeless for the purposes of literature, so he announced to his friends that, before the Irish language would be worth reviving, Ireland would have to turn Protestant or Agnostic. Everybody knows how Mr. Moore gave a lead to his fellow-countrymen who had been born Catholics, by being himself publicly received into the Irish Protestant Church. The story of his conversion to Protestantism is told in the present book. It is surely one of the most amazing confessions of a convert that have ever been published. Mr. Moore may be said to have become a Protestant, not in order to save his soul, but in order to save his style. The discovery that Cardinal Newman could not write English was one of the leading causes that contributed to it. The Protestants, realising something of this, seem at first to have welcomed him as cautiously as had the Gaelic Leaguers. Still, a Protestant clergyman did visit him and discuss theology, and say a prayer with him.

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"Let me give you a Prayer-Book," he said; and I returned home to read it, absorbed in a deep emotion. The prayer said with Mr. Mahaffy had come out of my heart, and the memory of it continued to burn, shedding a soft radiance. "How happy I am! What a blessed peace this is!" I often said. "My difficulties have melted away. How strange, it no longer seems to matter to me whether the world thinks me Catholic or Protestant; I am with Christ."

One has no right to doubt the genuineness of the mood described in this passage. It takes one's breath away, however, to come upon it after the pages of unrepentant paganism that lead up to it. The contrast between Mr. Moore's theology and ethics, on the one hand, and the theology and ethics usually recognised as Christian, on the other, is too startling to allow us to read the story of the conversion without an occasional temptation to laughter. The clergyman who was sent round to minister to Mr. Moore's soul must have been more than once bewildered as to how far his new charge was to be taken seriously.

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"I began to describe a new Utopia—a State so well ordered that no one in it was allowed to be a Papist, unless he or she could prove some bodily or mental infirmity, or until he or she had attained a certain age, which put them beyond the business of the world—the age of seventy, perhaps, the earliest at which a conversion would be legal. 'A sort of spiritual Old Age Pension Scheme,' I said; and a picture rose up before my mind of a crowd of young and old, all inferior, physically or intellectually, struggling round the door of a Roman Catholic Church, with papers in their hands, on the first Friday of every month."

It cannot have sounded very like the cry of a soul struggling for salvation. The present instalment of "Hail and Farewell!" it will be seen, is something like a comic Protestant retort to Huysmans's "En Route." At the same time, it is not all comic. Mr. Moore's recollections of his boyhood at a Catholic boarding-school are a serious and bitter indictment of a system he loathed. The school memories grip us with their realism. The whole book fascinates us, indeed, as a revelation of an egotistic, fussy, sentimental, witty, spitefully truthful old bachelor—a revelation of the old bachelor all but his immortal soul. Even the soul emerges at times. The second volume is a much deeper and more varied piece of literature than the first. Its blemishes are obvious and odious. But the genius—a genius of serious mockery and words that scratch—a genius that seems to be on the point of drowning at times in a sea of vinegar and sauces and spices—triumphs in the end, and leaves us, not Mr. Moore's accusers, but his grateful debtors.

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"Modernistorum callidissimum artificium est ut doctrinas suas non ordine digestas proponant atque in unum collectas, sed sparsas veluti atque invicem sejunctas, ut nimirum ancipites et quasi vagi videantur, cum e contrario firmi sint et constantes."

The point of view of such criticism is static. There is no conception of haze on the horizon, of a truth still in the making, of the movement of ideas.

But, though the demand for a Modernist "Summa" is an impossible one—they see not clearliest who see all things clear—it would be difficult to name any book which came so near to realising the idea of a compendium of modern, or scientific, theology as Mr. Moore's "Outline of the History of Christian Thought since Kant"; and the hope that it "may serve as an outline for a larger work, in which the judgments here expressed may be supported in detail" is one in which the reader will cordially join. It would be difficult to overestimate the usefulness of such a work. The author, who is Professor of Theology at Harvard, and a pupil of Harnack, possesses his master's comprehensive view and sympathetic insight; nor is he wanting in the power of incisive phrasing which makes the "Dogmengeschichte," lengthy and detailed as it is, one of the most fascinating of books.

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clusively that it was so: this, with the conception of Nature as a totality in which man finds his place, as in a series, and the Kantian theory of knowledge, with its consequent idealistic construction of the universe, constitute the *differentia* of the modern, as contrasted with the medieval mind. The latter lingers, and may linger long; the more reactionary Churches being its special *habitat*. But "the chameleonlike quality of Christianity is the furthest possible remove from the changelessness which men love to attribute to religion"; and there is truth in Gottfried Arnold's maxim, that "the true Church, in any age, is to be found with those who have first been excommunicated from the actual Church."

After the transformation of thought effected by the idealistic movement which opened with Kant and closed, for the time being, with Hegel, a period of theological reconstruction set in. Its representatives may be classed in three main groups, the philosophical, the confessional, and the mediating—Pfleiderer, Hoffmann, and Richard Rothe being, respectively, examples; it is to the last that the great names of Schleiermacher and Ritschl must be assigned. The former, who has been called the founder of modern theology, was the prophet of feeling; for him religion was "the sense of God." Not that the "Gefühl ist Alles" of Faust expressed his attitude.

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He was a religious teacher of the first importance; few have deserved better of the Church and of their fellow-men than he.

Ritschl is a more ambiguous figure; and his influence on religious thought is more difficult to explain. His negation of mysticism and of metaphysics has gone into the lumber-rooms of dead theologies: mysticism is the eye of the soul for the things eternal; without at least an implicitly underlying philosophy it is impossible to state the simplest fact. "To say that we have nothing to do with philosophy ends in our having to do with a bad philosophy. The philosophy of which we are aware we have. The philosophy of which we are not aware has us." In this sense, philosophy "is merely the deposit of the regnant notions of the time. It may be amended or superseded, and our theology with it. Yet, while it lasts, it is our one possible vehicle of expression." It is probable that the influence of Ritschl and Ritschlianism was one of protest, a corrective of the exaggerations of other schools. Hence it has declined, is declining, and is likely to decline.

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by fire," there are others, and these the greater number, which will fail to win lasting recognition or to influence thought.

#### AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF NAPOLEON.

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DR. HOLLAND ROSE'S Lowell Lectures, delivered at Boston in the early months of the present year, form an admirable pendant to his well-known biography. Though monographs pour from the press of all countries in ever-increasing numbers, attempts at a synthesis are surprisingly rare. The nearest equivalent to Dr. Rose's new work is Masson's "Huit Conférences sur Napoleon," published in 1909; but the lectures of the French scholar were delivered at different times and to different audiences, and only cover part of the vast territory to the mapping of which he has devoted his life. The present volume is superior in unity and completeness, and its serene impartiality is a pleasant contrast to the rhapsodies of the historian who speaks of his hero as *Il* and *Lui*.

The beginning of wisdom in Napoleonic study is to apply the genetic method. The picture that is true of one period of his career is not true of another. The attempt of Taine to depict a moral monster, not subject like other men to the laws of growth, was an utter fiasco, and damaged the reputation of the historian more than that of the ruler. It is impossible to read the Memoirs of Madame Junot, untrustworthy as they are in details, without realising the changes through which Napoleon's character passed; and Méneval's Memoirs show how much of the kindness of his early manhood survived into the intoxicating years of limitless power. Dr. Rose emphasises this fundamental point at the outset, and makes it the keynote of his interpretation. "We are apt," he writes in the first lecture, "The Man," "to think of Napoleon as hard, stern, inflexible; and undoubtedly he became so in later years. In youth his being was rich in emotion; and had he developed on normal lines in a happier age his nature might have become finely balanced. Nature seemed to fit him at nearly all points for a career rich both in glory and beneficence." Among the causes of his deterioration was the heartless infidelity of Josephine in the early months of their marriage. "Perhaps his failure to meet with a worthy consort was partly accountable for his downfall. A woman both loving and strong would have guided him right at several crises in his career." Thereafter he always despised women, and his own moral life was bad. Yet he always remained one of the best of sons and one of the kindest of brothers. His general demeanor in early life was cheery and unassuming, and his wide reading and living interest in great themes made him a stimulating companion. Yet there were dark strains in the young man who as early as 1794 ordered a skirmish, resulting in loss of life, to regale a lady whose affections he was courting.

The second lecture, devoted to "The Jacobin," reconstructs the young officer's early thoughts and studies in the light of the precious documents published in Masson's "Napoléon Inconnu." Though a devotee of Rousseau and a friend of the younger Robespierre, he supported the Jacobins as defenders of the national territory, not as Terrorists. His political ideas, outlined in his famous pamphlet, "The Supper of Beaucaire," were clear on the subject of defending the Revolution, but had not been reduced to a system. The lecture on "The Warrior" analyses his principal campaigns, quotes Wellington's famous dictum that his presence was worth 40,000 men, and eulogises his marvellous skill in retrieving the position after the Battle of Aspern. Though he agrees with Houssaye that he was not ill at Waterloo, the lecturer finds a certain hardening of the brain during the later campaigns of the Empire, a growing inability to measure risks and look ahead. The failure to terminate the Spanish war before entering on the Russian campaign was an elementary blunder. The loss of a month at Moscow was unpardonable folly. The campaign of 1813 was hopelessly muddled. Though he remained capable of striking feats of strategy and tactics, his military genius, like his character and his policy, rapidly deteriorated.

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But we confess to having had a loose view in favor of Mr. Lang's guess that he was Neville Landless, and that Helena temporarily assumed her brother's character, which, owing to the likeness between them, she could very well do. We were chiefly influenced by the many traits of mannishness which appear in the account of Datchery's speech and personal habits, some of which seemed to forbid a womanly original, and by the author's obvious disclosure of Datchery's close personal interest in the detection of Jasper's crime. But we agree with Sir Robertson Nicoll that the second point equally suggests Helena, and that the first may well have been due to Dickens's desire to throw his readers off the scent, which one or two hints might, in his view, have made a little warm.

These hints Sir Robertson Nicoll details and expands, and undeniably they make a very strong case. In brief, Sir Robertson identifies Datchery with Helena on the ground (a) of her subtle, masterful character, and of the especial trait which revealed itself in Neville's description of her having run away from a cruel stepfather, "dressed as a boy," and showing "the daring of a man"—a very close approach indeed; (b) of her revealed dislike and distrust of Jasper, and her absence of all fear of him. ("There was a slumbering gleam of fire in the intense dark eyes, though they were then softened with compassion and admiration. *Let whomsoever it most concerned look to it*"); (c) of passages such as those which suggest Datchery's intense interest in his quest. The most conspicuous is that describing his "wistful gaze" at the kindled light in Jasper's room; (d) of various minutiae of personal make-up and gesture, such as the amplitude of the obvious wig, which seems designed to cover a woman's hair, and Datchery's habit of hiding his hands, which would, of course, specially reveal the woman. Of this habit, Sir Robertson gives many examples, which are doubtless explainable by the context, but lend themselves to the theory of purposeful concealment. He also brings into evidence a curious extract from a letter from Dickens to Forster, which records the strong impression made on him by seeing Lady Bancroft play a boy's part, appearing, said Dickens, "stupendously like a boy and unlike a woman." He also suggests Dickens's avowed and special interest in Wilkie Collins's heroine, Magdalene Vanstone (in "No Name"), a girl of nineteen, who could not only dress herself like a man, and imitate his voice and manner, but could assume a man's character. This latter point does, it seems to us, go further to the removal of the difficulty of identifying Helena Landless with Datchery than any other we have encountered. Dickens, be it remembered, was not only an avowed admirer of Collins's workmanship, but he belonged, in the main, to the same school of literary construction. The whole case seems to us an excellent one; it suits Dickens's love of the bizarre in his choice of the various forms of literary surprise; and its few weaknesses may reasonably be supposed to arise from the evidence of slips in the very complicated machinery of this curious, brilliant, highly imaginative, and highly imperfect work, of a wonderful, but then dying, hand.

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novelist, plays with a situation in which the hero, whose heart is ablaze with the flame, is taught to realise that he must sacrifice his own happiness. Mr. Monkhouse, however, will have none of the facile *clichés* which beg the question. In the first half of his story he traces with severe precision how it is that the "absorbing interest and heat of emotion" of his married couple, Richard and Letty Peel, becomes slowly petrified, and later, that there comes to both the bitterness of isolation, and spiritual starvation, and "the sham, the mockery, and the great pretence" of a miserable union. In Letty's and Richard's case, the bond had come to mean the child, Jim, and then, after his sudden death, their memory of him, and the hope of another child; but little by little emptiness and staleness of feeling have worked beneath the crust, till nothing is left but the hateful consciousness that they are tied, uselessly, and must keep up the unendurable game of appearances. The analysis of this death of love and mutual repulsion is done with a singular truth of touch, which curiously does not suffer from the fact that both the husband and the wife are not imaged palpably to our senses, and that our imagination is solely occupied with a spiritual and intellectual chronicle. No doubt it is largely because the strain of the analytic narrative is skilfully distributed in the emotional odyssey of the three characters, Morice, Richard, and Letty, that this lack of sensuous presentation is not more felt. The author's artistic method has the intimate appeal of a confidential outburst on the part of some friend who, suddenly appearing, describes the intricacies of a domestic drama in which he himself has played a leading part. We follow the chronicle of events with shut eyes, absorbed by the penetrating insight of the speaker, who has no need to visualise the characters, but is concerned with presenting them, as it were, in spiritual profile.

Undoubtedly the author's intellectual, analytic method of telling his tale—a perfect mosaic of caustic observation and psychological reflection—has its drawbacks, "drying out," as it were, much of the natural color and movement of life, and in the case of Letty, the appeal of feminine sensitiveness and charm becomes vaporised in the highly rarified atmosphere. Nevertheless, to another type of reader the compensation for this lack of "flesh" and of bodily apperceptions will be in the integral truth and acuteness of the narrative. Mr. Monkhouse's narrative combines with its incisive irony an emotional sympathy and delicate responsiveness that are scarcely masculine. We may instance, here, the drawing of a minor figure, Drayton, Letty's father, the sensitive surgeon who is persuaded that he has bungled the operation that might have saved the child, Jim. The emotional tension in this little scene belongs to psychological drama of the highest order, and the glimpse that is flashed to us of the pathetic barrenness of a life of duty and public success, reveals a long vista of typical ironies. But it is the centre of irony in the heart of the situation that claims our attention, and attests the originality of "Dying Fires." While the popular walls are crowded with pleasant landscapes and picturesque "bits" of romantic coloring, Mr. Monkhouse's stern drawing of the grey, naked street, flanked by the familiarly ugly houses, recalls one with a jump to the actualities and complexities of life.

The tragi-comedy of the domestic drama is centred in the fact that Morice, "the friend of the family," is a man of infinite scruples. When the marriage of Letty and Richard has broken into pieces, beyond hope of patching, and the woman is tense and expectant, waiting for Morice to speak his heart, and, by claiming her, release her from this death in life, he hangs back, "halting lamely outside the circle of passion, desiring it, conscious of his capacity and yet doubtful of it . . . owning vague expressions of friendship and devotion." But ardent, yet hesitating, almost, but not quite, ready to "shatter the conventions," he is at last forced into offering her himself and his devotion, "love or friendship—as you need." The die is cast for good and all, one might think; but the author skilfully uses an explanation between the husband and the scrupulous lover, to delay the issue. The three even "settle into the old routine again," and the reservations and doubts and shrinkings of conscience on Morice's part grow in intensity. Letty's irresolution is, of course, justified, femininely, by the fact that, until she has been swept off her feet, she must mark

time. Richard tries to hold his wife still by the plea, "Do you think that after failing with me you could succeed with him? . . . Don't make the frightful mistake of going. Let's live it down. Let's come to something decent and dull on the other side." But what is it holds Morice back finally, so that he cannot take the final plunge, and sacrifice all the minor considerations for the woman he loves? It is "the finest mesh-work of conservative habit and clinging duty," of subjecting all his impulses to the test of cold consideration, of morally so adjusting his actions that these very inclinations become suspect, and a bar to further progress. At back it is a fine-grained Puritanism that makes him shudder at "the sexual adventure," and it is the deep irony of the situation that, while the spirits of the man and woman have embraced, their craving for "single-mindedness" should keep them for ever apart, condemned to dull acquiescence, to a tame, faded friendliness, to the routine of frigid emotions. It is impossible to condense here the atmospheric effect of the long-drawn-out struggle of the three actors in this tragi-comedy. And our quotation, we fear, will do little justice to the psychology of a story so tightly woven in intricate moral pattern. But the page we quote gives a just idea of the intellectual quality of the author's style:—

"Do you love me, then?"

"It's only that I haven't dared."

They were near to one another then, and perhaps it was her tenderness for the high ideal of him that saved them from the sweep of the senses. For the man was trembling on the brink and yet controlled, as she divined, not by a rigid ideal of his own, but by something of that hard common sense that was perpetually at her service. With passion in leash he could yet offer a passionate devotion; and so honest was he that all the drags and curbs, the difficulties and duties that beset him, were displayed frankly for her notice; they were not small things to him. He did not dare to love, it seemed; he spoke truly, and she saw in him the shyness of the virginal creature. There was craving, too, and an appeal deeper than his words. They were on the brink, but she was capable of vision and thought, and she, too, was beset with doubts and scruples. She might yield; how easily she could yield if he touched her! If they did not love yet they could travel fast on the path of love together. The danger—her instinct made it a danger—braced her, and then she feared to break his reserve and so mar that ideal of him. It would have been selfish—it would have been hard of her—but that she saw the ideal a reality. He stood there positively beautiful and magnanimous; she would not make a mere lover of him.

And so, deliberately, in her turn she reviewed cold facts and the disadvantages of the dash for freedom; implying much, almost implying love for him, at least the possibility of a steady affection. Perhaps they verged on comedy here, though neither perceived it at the moment. People do not run away together out of steady affection, and, though their case was exceptional, just to miss the overwhelming is not the same as a sufficiency. She told him that she could not nerve her hand to strike a blow at her father; the compunctions on her mother's behalf were more formal. Even now she felt sometimes that she could bring her father to her side—to the side of revolt—but she would not, and Morice gravely agreed that their defection would be a perpetual sadness to him. The shades of the prison house were closing on them; they seemed to have missed the way of escape, and they dreaded to return.

#### MR. LUCAS'S FLORENCE.

"A Wanderer in Florence." By E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

THE year has been prolific in new books concerning Florence, and now, towards its end, comes one penned by a hand that is lighter than most; lighter, and at the same time more serious, if a truthful record of facts, and the sensitive impressions of a writer practised in observation make for seriousness. Mr. Lucas has done well in this, the fourth of his travel books. He has cast over it the charm of his literary style without forgetting the requirements of the information-seeking reader; he tells us what he saw in Florence, and what Florence in the past has seen. If the book has a fault it lies in the too conscientious treatment of the artistic treasures of the picture galleries. The sculpture of the Bargello deserves the space accorded to it for plastic art; even that of Florence is much more of a sealed book than is painting to the average reader, and Mr. Lucas has some illuminating things to say about it. But with the paintings in the Uffizi, the Pitti Palace, and the Accademia—the Botticellis, the Angelicos, the Andrea del Sartos,



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Gozzolis, and what not—well, it is all such old and familiar ground that even Mr. Lucas's inspiring touch hardly invests it with a new aspect. At the same time, one must not forget that this is a guide to Florence, and no guide can dispense with some sort of description of the picture galleries. An author is, therefore, confronted with something of a dilemma, the only way out of which is to do as Mr. Lucas has done in the case of Medici history, and cut the description as short as is possible and decent.

Mr. Lucas's personal preferences in the matter of what is worth looking at in Florence are mostly in accord with our own. Especially sympathetic is his counsel not to forget to study the architecture in one's haste to see the treasures that a building contains. Strange as it may appear, Florentine architecture is often neglected by the eager sightseer. He is apt, for instance, to pass hurriedly through a building such as the impressively designed Palazzo Vecchio, simply because Vasari is the star among the painters represented on its walls, and nobody greatly esteems Vasari as painter. There are other interesting towns in Europe where attention is similarly distracted from the architecture; but nowhere does one miss more by this than in Florence. Yet the average visitor, when he allows himself a stroll through the tortuous streets beneath the great overhanging eaves of the houses, with no aim but the next street, and perhaps no thought beyond the renaissance atmosphere that even to-day is so rich and real in Florentine architecture as a whole, takes his pleasure shame-facedly, as if it were a serious lapse from the sacred duty of visiting a gallery or a church. So are we prone to miss the city for the museums, the whole for the part. In referring to "the feverish and implacable pursuit of pence" on the part of gallery authorities, Mr. Lucas lays his finger on a sore spot. The uniformed official at the turnstile of a gallery and the greedy sacristan in a church are sinister figures, whose extortions cannot but be viewed with strong disapproval. One's irritation, moreover, is heightened by the knowledge that the modern Florentine, to judge by his acts of vandalism, has little or no appreciation of the artistic treasures which he makes the foreigner pay extravagantly to see. The capriciousness of Italian artists' nomenclature, surviving Florentine customs, and literary associations, are other matters that the author discusses pleasantly and pertinently. An excellent, and, we believe, an original, feature of the book is an historical chart of Florentine and European history, from the end of the thirteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century, showing the dates of artists, important events in Florence and elsewhere in Europe, Popes, French and English kings, and princes of Milan. Mr. Harry Morley's color illustrations are of a strictly objective character; they suffice as a fair, if somewhat photographic, presentment of the principal buildings and views.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Within: Thoughts during Convalescence." By Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND. (Williams & Norgate. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Thy Rod and Thy Staff." By A. C. BENSON. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

BOTH these books have been suggested by their writers' reflections during illness and the subsequent period of recovery. Sir Francis Younghusband was knocked down by a motor-car on the Continent, and suffered intense pain from a fractured leg, while Mr. Benson's illness was a fit of nervous depression, "a perfectly natural penalty for excessive brain-work and excessive stimulation." This difference in the exciting cause shows itself in the respective volumes. Sir Francis Younghusband, the man of action, writes in a mood of revolt. He chafes against the notion that suffering is a necessity for what is best in life; and to those who would tell him that an outside Providence saved his leg, he retorts that it was the same Providence who broke it. "A more tenable proposition is that it was the carelessness of man which broke it, and the efficiency of man which saved it." All through the volume Sir Francis protests against the doctrine of neglecting "this life for another," or placing our faith in "any Providence above ourselves, and impotently striving to do its will." He finds consolation in an ideal of love, "hot, vivid, love of living men and women

whom we know and touch," which, in his view, we may at least hope will be eternal. Mr. Benson, on the other hand, takes a tone of acquiescence. "The darkness through which I passed," he writes, "in daily dread and unutterable dismay, has taught me, I believe, some new things about humanity, about the soul, about God." But these new things, as told in his volume, prove to be very old indeed, and Mr. Benson's reflections are the common-places of the ages. That "glory is a foolish and fretful kind of game, not worth the candle"; that it is a mistake to encourage "the instinct of competition and rivalry"; that the children who ought to be rewarded are "those who, with no hope of success, turn out patient and honest work, love duty, and practise brotherliness"—these are examples of Mr. Benson's conclusions. According to a humorist, the human race falls naturally into bromides and sulphides. Mr. Benson's book is the book of a bromide; Sir Francis Younghusband's is that of a sulphide.

\* \* \*  
"England and the Orleans Monarchy." By Major JOHN HALL. (Smith, Elder. 14s. net.)

ON the title-page of this learned and well-documented volume, Major Hall quotes Guizot's remark that "the history of the day before yesterday is the least known, it may be said, the most forgotten, by the public of to-day." Major Hall has made researches into the diplomatic correspondence of the period of Louis-Philippe, both in London and in Paris, and he has written a history, based on a good deal of fresh material, of the first *entente cordiale* between this country and France, and of the circumstances that led to its disruption. We cannot, in a short notice, enter into any of the interesting questions which Major Hall raises, but readers who want a full account of the events connected with the Spanish marriages, of the duel between Palmerston and Guizot, of the rise and fall of Mehemet Ali, and, indeed, of the whole course of British and French policy in the reign of Louis-Philippe, will find this volume indispensable. Major Hall has formed a high opinion of Palmerston. He vindicates Palmerston's general conduct of affairs and his methods of handling the very difficult situations in which he was placed through his auspicious of French designs on Navarre and Biscay, combined with his attitude towards the *entente* and his distrust of Louis-Philippe and of Guizot. Major Hall defends Palmerston against the charge of inciting the Radical Swiss cantons to begin hostilities against the League of the Seven Catholic cantons known as the "Sonderbund" in 1847. Sir Robert Morier and Guizot both believed that this was the case. The former wrote that Palmerston "instigated Peel to perform his celebrated feat of precipitating the war of the 'Sonderbund,'" but Major Hall shows that there is no warrant for this in the official despatches, and that, if it be true, Palmerston must have conveyed his real intentions in private letters to the British Chargé d'Affaires at Berne. Major Hall's book is a most valuable contribution to history, and we regret that pressure on our space forces us to deal with it in a brief notice.

\* \* \*  
"A Mystic on the Prussian Throne: Frederick-William II." By GILBERT STANHOPE. (Mills & Boon. 10s. 6d. net.)

UNLESS mysticism and credulity are almost synonymous, the title of mystic cannot be given to Frederick-William II., whose reign of eleven years gave Prussia an increase of territory, but greatly diminished her prestige. To succeed Frederick the Great, and to guide his country through the stormy years of the French Revolution, was a task that demanded unusual gifts, and Frederick-William II., in spite of his ambition and his good intentions, failed even to make use of the opportunities within his grasp. He began his reign with a sum of between sixty-six and seventy-two million thalers, and ended with a debt of twenty-two millions, and the spirit of reform which won him popularity at first was soon quenched by the reactionary policy of Bischoffswerder, and his other advisers. Indeed, one of the blots on his reign is the attempt to suppress freedom of thought, and Kant was not the only philosopher to feel the weight of his displeasure. Yet there is a good deal that is attractive in Frederick-William II. "He combined a lively feeling of his dignity," wrote Stein, "with a strong memory enriched by the study of history, a just understanding, and a noble, benevolent character; but these good qualities were

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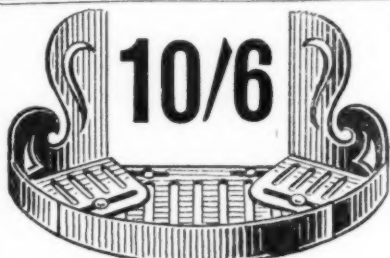
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clouded by sensuality, which gave his mistresses ascendancy over him; by a love of the marvellous and of spiritualism, which caused commonplace, designing men to gain influence over his mind; and by want of perseverance." His reign, coming between Frederick the Great and Napoleon, has won little attention, so that the present volume breaks fresh ground for English readers. Mr. Stanhope proves himself an impartial biographer, and his book shows us the defects as well as the qualities that combined to make Frederick-William II. so unsuccessful a ruler.

## The Week in the City.

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Turkish Unified ... ..	82	84 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>

DURING the first two or three days of the week there was grave anxiety in all responsible circles as to the outcome of the tension between Austria and Serbia in the matter of the Albanian ports. Shipping men are aware that there are no ports in Albania capable of harboring modern ships of even a moderate tonnage; but the emptiness of the cry for a commercial outlet only proved the dangerous condition of the Military Club at Belgrade, and the treatment of the Austrian Consuls in Macedonia gave further ground for alarm. Nevertheless, prices generally remained fairly steady, and on Wednesday and Thursday, when Serbia gave signs of a more conciliatory attitude, and the successful Turkish defence of the Tchataldja lines made the Allies more inclined to peace, our Stock Markets became quite buoyant, and there was a healthy demand in all departments. The American Market has been held back by fear for the industrial securities which have been floated on the American public by the financiers in successive capitalisations of the tariff. Mr. Woodrow Wilson's straightforward announcement that he will call an extra Session for the tariff has frightened the Old Guard of Protection. The President-Elect is evidently determined that his party shall fulfil the party pledge of an immediate downward revision. Home Railways have recovered sharply after their depression, and Consols keep up pretty well, much to the relief of our bankers, who are tired of writing down their securities. The City has received the news of the London Traffic Combine very coolly, and nobody seems to be afraid that there will be any serious reduction of facilities. Thursday's Bank return showed that the Bank of England is in a very strong position, and quite capable of dealing with any probable demands for gold. The Americans bought a small amount from the open market on Thursday. The prospects are for fairly easy money until the Christmas demand begins. After the restoration of peace, we may expect a rapid issue of loans to repair the devastations of war.

### THE TUBE COMBINE.

It was announced on Wednesday that the Speyer Group (Underground Electric Railways Company) had come to an arrangement with the directors of the two independent tube railways—the City and South London and Central London lines. Rumor has been rife regarding the probable next move of the Underground since its acquisition of the London General Omnibus Company at the beginning of the year; but Sir Edgar Speyer has been able to keep the secret within a small circle, and prices have not been put up against him by speculators to a very great extent. The terms offered to the Central London Ordinary stockholders are handsome—a guarantee of 4 per cent. interest, with the right to more when the Central London earns more than this

figure on the average for three consecutive years. It is not stated how this guarantee stands in relation to the other obligations of the Underground Company, but the present market price of Central London Stock—namely, 83—puts it quite high, when London General Omnibus 5 per cent. Income stock stands at 91. The City and South London stockholders do not get so definite a bargain. They are offered £40 in London Electric 4 per Cent. Preference (price 81) and £25 of London Electric Railway Ordinary in exchange for each £100 of Ordinary stock. On present rates of dividend, their income will be £1 17s., as compared with £1 7s. 6d. per £100 of Ordinary stock. The South London, however, is not in an enviable position. It is the oldest of the tubes, and needs modernising; its traffics have been falling off. Its diameter is smaller than the others, and will have to be enlarged, as it is intended to join it up to the Hampstead line at Euston, and provide a through service to the Bank. Presumably, Sir Edgar Speyer has reckoned the cost of the improvements when fixing the terms. Probably, the capital cost of the line when improved will not be so great as that of the Central London, and will certainly be less than that of the London Electric, which cost about £780,000 per mile, including equipment.

As part of the "tube" scheme, the Baker Street and Waterloo line is to be extended to Paddington, and then to Queen's Park, where it will join the North-Western, and through trains will run from Watford. The Hampstead line is being extended to Hendon and Edgware, and the Central London is going to Ealing, where it will join the Great Western. It was extended to Liverpool Street this year. Another group has appeared in the "tube" area in the Metropolitan and South-Western Railways. The South-Western owns the Waterloo and City line, and the Metropolitan has just acquired the Great Northern and City, which runs from Finsbury Park to Moorgate Street. That line has tunnels wide enough to take full-sized rolling-stock, and is to be connected up with the Metropolitan at Liverpool Street, and to be extended to Princes Street, where it will join the Waterloo and City, thus providing a new through route. It is rather surprising that the Great Northern Railway should have allowed the City tube to pass into other hands, as a large part of their suburban traffic leaves the surface trains at Finsbury Park, and descends to the tube. A physical connection at Finsbury Park would have been an easy matter, and the congested bottle-neck in front of King's Cross would have been relieved by running many of the trains through to the City. But the proceeding would have involved the electrification of the whole of the Great Northern's suburban system, and the directors have never attempted to cultivate suburban traffic, preferring to accept what they get at high rates, and let the rest go elsewhere. The Brighton, which was the pioneer in suburban electrification, has been rewarded for its enterprise, and the North-Western is following suit by electrifying its lines out to Watford, thus copying the best American railways, whose New York terminals are worked without steam locomotives, both local and long-distance trains being drawn in by electric locomotives, thus keeping the stations very clean.

As regards the public side of the arrangement, there is not much to be said. In this country, the Government's policy is to leave private enterprise alone as far as is consistent with public interests; but no railway company may charge more than one penny per mile for ordinary passenger traffic. The tubes have never earned a reasonable return on their capital; the largest, the London Electric, paid 1 per cent. for last year. Whether an attempt will be made to put fares up slightly, it is not easy to say; but it seems probable that some revision may take place. As almost every penny on the fares, provided the traffic does not dwindle, is additional profit on electric railways, the apparent solution for the man who uses a particular tube regularly is to buy some of the stock. London Electric 4 per Cent. Preference stands at 81, yielding practically 5 per cent.; City and South London Preferences yield about 4<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> per cent.; and Central London Preference, which is a Trustee Stock, returns £4 3s. 9d. The Underground Company's securities depend more on the earnings of the London General Omnibus; but if the Ordinary shares are worth 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>, London General 5 per Cent. Income Debenture stock is certainly worth more than 91.

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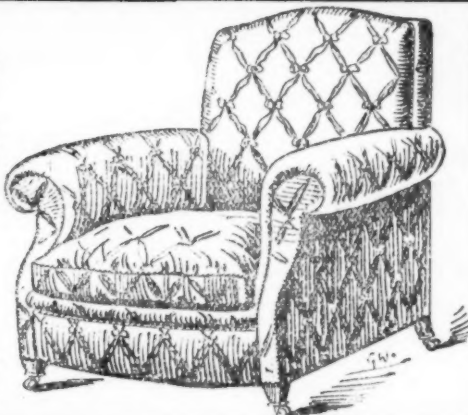
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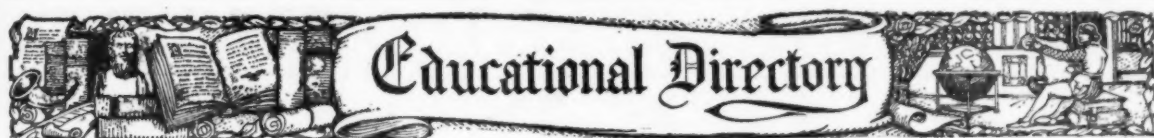
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